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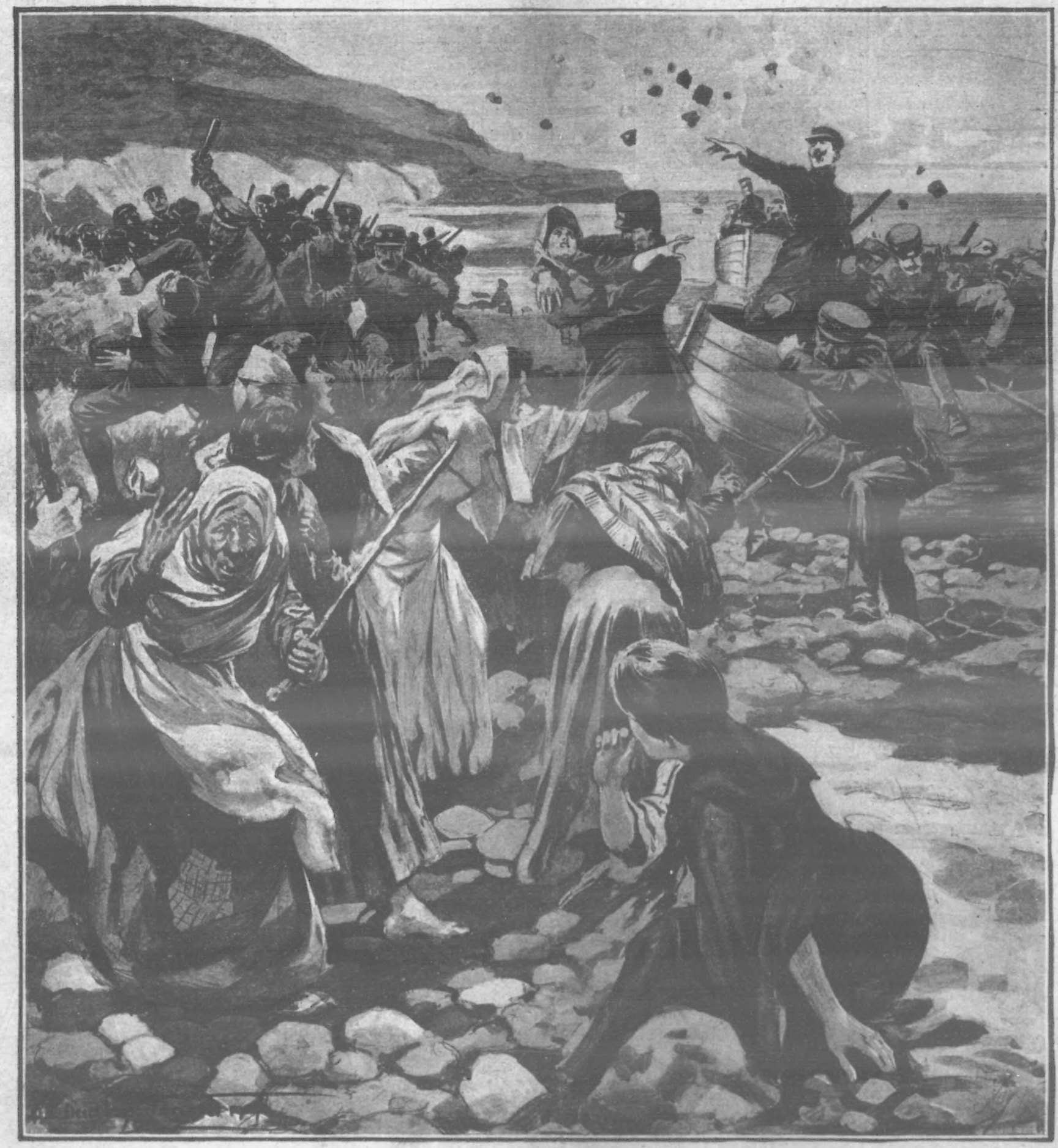
IN THE "DISTHRESSFUL COUNTRY."



AN IRISH ISLAND BATTLE.

An eviction battle recalling the stormiest days of the Irish Land Agitation has taken place between 200 picked men of the Royal Irish Constabulary and the entire population of Dursey Island, a bleak speck in the Atlantic sixteen miles from Castletown Berehaven, Co. Cork. The two hundred policemen were sent to evict Daniel Healy, an aged peasant. They only did so after a desperate encounter with the other occupants of the island—some thirty-five families—who met them on landing with a fusillade of stones, and then fought a hand-to-hand conflict in which fixed bayonets and the butt-ends of rifles were freely used. (Further details will be found on page 274.)

A HOME CURE FOR DEAFNESS.

The trials of the medical profession during the past fifty years, while trying to discover a cure for deafness, are well told in a pamphlet just published. The little book also tells us that the search for a cure has happily ended in the discovery of Absorba, a medical preparation which, being rubbed into the skin around the ear, is quickly absorbed and carried to the inner parts of the ear. In this way it is able to remove the obstructions which cause deafness, effecting a complete cure of the head noises and defective hearing. The simplicity of the new treatment allows it to be carried out at home. Anyone interested can obtain a pamphlet by writing (mentioning "P.I.P.") to Absorba, Limited, 18 Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, London, W.C., agents for this preparation. Absorba is supplied in tubes at 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. post free to any part of Great Britain on receipt of price.

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THE LAST FEW DAYS.

NOTES ON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Gaikwar of Baroda.

One of the three great Princes of India, and himself, for many reasons, esteemed the greatest of the three, the Gaikwar, of Baroda, who arrived in London last Monday, is the ruler of one of the richest protected States in the Eastern Empire. Speaking perfect English, he is very English in his ways and ideas, though he is far too sensible a ruler to seek to impose Western methods upon his subjects except in respect of those broad measures of improvement which do not affect religious susceptibilities. A thoroughly practical man, the Gaikwar has nevertheless one great dream—that of the appointment of a Royal Prince as Governor of India. The Gaikwar is a monogamist. His first Maharanee was a Princess of Tanjore, who bore him Prince Fattehsingrao, the heir apparent When the Princess died the Gaikwar married his present wife, a Princess of the Central Indian State of Dewas.

Rush to See Wedding Dress.

Enormous crowds of women have been inspecting some of the wedding robes of the Crown Prince's bride, the Duchess Cecilie, which are displayed in one of the Government museums in Berlin. Many ladies fainted in the crush and had to be taken charge of by the police. Spectators express themselves as enchanted by the beauty of the creations. Prince Regent Albrecht of Brunswick has composed a military march in honour of the German Crown Prince's wedding.

Death of a Great Coach-driver.

The death is announced of Mr. W. G. Tiffany, a well-known American, who had for many years been associated with sport in France and in England. He was for one or two years part proprietor of the coach between London and Brighton; and he was on the coach with the late James Selby when the latter drove from London to Brighton and back in the record time of less than eleven hours, the distance covered being 110 miles. Mr. Tiffany himself eclipsed this performance a few years later, the coach which he had had built for the occasion leaving Paris at 6 a.m., and reaching Trouville (104 miles) at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Football a National Industry.

The football season closed on Saturday.

The increasing time and interest which the British public devotes to this particular form of sport can be gauged from the fact that, during the five rounds of the Football Association Cup—a comparatively limited contest—1,116,642 persons witnessed the games, and paid for that privilege nearly £45,000. No estimate of the attendance at the League games is, at the moment, forthcoming, but it is probable that considerably over six million persons found time and money to watch the struggles of the various professional teams engaged in what must now be termed the national sport, which also appears to have developed into a national industry.

Earthquake in Wales.

Severe earthquake shocks were felt in the early hours of Monday morning at Llangollen and its district. The Shropshire Militia are in camp not far from the town, and several of the officers have stated that they felt several distinct shocks. One of the officers, Lieutenant Egerton, stated that he was disturbed about 1.40 a.m. by his bed being rocked. He quickly got out of bed, and noticed that articles upon the table were also rocking. Many of the men were thrown from their beds by the shocks, while all were awakened. The earthquake was accompanied by a loud rumbling, and followed by a heavy downpour of rain. In Llangollen many people felt the shocks, and in several shops goods were thrown down from the shesely to the floor. As far as could be ascertained, the shocks resulted from an undulating wave travelling from east to west. The disturbance lasted about five seconds. Professor Milne, the great authority on earthquakes, interviewed at his residence at Shide, Isle of Wight, on the cause of the shocks at Llangollen, said that somewhat south of Llangollen, in the Severn Valley, there was a district which might be regarded as one of the hotbeds of earthquakes in Great Britain. "The earthquakes which occur there," he continued, "have been traced by Dr. Davidson, of Birmingham, to slips which take place about the line of a fault in the vicinity of Hereford. Whether it is this fault which has given way, or one in the vicinity of Llangollen, it is impossible to say. In all probability it has nothing directly to do with the great disaster which recently occurred in North-West India."

Photo, Advance.

THE MECONOPSIS INTEGRIFOLIA: This yellow poppy, which has never before been exhibited in Europe, comes from the Thibetan frontier, as a result of a special mission sent out by Messrs. Veitch. It was exhibited at the Royal Horticultural Society's show.

Markyate Motor Victim's Funeral.

All the countryside turned out to witness the funeral of Willie Clifton, the victim of the Markyate tragedy. The neighbours gathered round the door of the cottage where the Cliftons live, about a quarter of a mile from the south end of the village. The place was wrapped in dead silence, save for the tolling of the church bell. Four little schoolboys carried shoulder-high the little oak casket right through the village to the church on the other side. Following the coffin, on which lay a few wreaths, were the father, mother, and other relatives. Those of the inhabitants of Markyate and the surrounding villages who did not follow lined the footpath. Every blind was drawn. At the church the funeral was met by the vicar, the Rev. F. R. Pemberton, and the service was of the simplest character. Again taking up the coffin, the four schoolboys marched with it on its last journey to the churchyard, up on the hill on the other side of the street. The committal prayers were read by the vicar, and as the coffin was lowered into the grave amid primroses and daffodils the unhappy mother completely broke down.

Photo, E. Everett.

Scene at the funeral of the little motor victim at Markyate.

A Hansom to Fez.

To drive from the coast of Morocco across to Fez in a cab is an experience given to few. Sir Harry Mac'ean bought for the Sultan an up-to-date hansom from Long Acre. It was duly landed at the coast, and then came the problem of getting it across to Fez. Harry Maclean mounted the box, cracked his whip, and started off on a drive of 120 miles across a country innocent of roads. At one time, at a difficult mountain pass, the wheels had to be taken off and the body of the hansom carried slung between camels.

No Reading after Forty.

In the opinion of Mr. J. Pink, who has been librarian of the Cambridge Free Library for fifty years, men, as a rule, cease to read books after attaining the age of forty years.

100 Hours a Week for 5s.

The Colchester guardians are seriously considering whether they shall increase from 5s. to 10s. a week the wages of George Raden, a stoker, who has worked 16,000 hours without a holiday. He asserts that during the three years he has worked for the board he has never had a holiday, a half-day, or even an hour off duty, and has worked seven days a week the whole year round. He has never, indeed, asked for a day, for out of his wages of 8½d. a day he has to pay 15s. a year for superannuation. His hours are often from four o'clock in the morning until seven at night.

"Glory" Tramcars.

Dr. Torrey is attracting such large crowds to Brixton that the London County Council have put on extra tramcars to Acre Lane. The drivers and conductors call them the "Glory" cars.

An Irish Island Battle.

On our front page will be found a graphic illustration of the recent eviction battle between 200 picked men of the Royal Irish Constabulary and the entire population of Dursey Island, near Cork.

Healy, the peasant who was the cause of the extraordinary conflict, owns a patch of land on which he keeps four cows, his only source of livelihood. His rent is £9 15s. a year, but he has paid none for four years. The evicting force of 200 men, in charge of a county inspector, three district inspectors, and accompanied by a resident magistrate, left Bantry at nine o'clock on Tuesday night on board the Government steam-tug Gamecock. They took so large a stock of provisions with them that a band of men spent several hours stowing them away on board. In the early hours of Wednesday morning the tug stole down on the island. The police were expected, and the islanders had prepared for their coming by fortifying the east landing place, one of the two accessible places on the island. There is, however, another landing-place on the west side of the island, which is only practicable in the calmest weather. Here thirty policemen, under the charge of Inspector Armstrong, put off in boats and landed unknown to the islanders. It was a clever tactical movement, for this force covered the landing of the main body at the east side stage. The islanders were completely taken by surprise. They had not expected that the police knew their cove, and their powers of effective resistance were considerably neutralised. They concentrated at the east stage—men, women, and children. Every able-bodied person in the island had a missile of some sort. As the boatloads of police approached they were met by a fusillade of stones and rocks from the human batteries on shore. Then Inspector Armstrong's covering party attacked the islanders from behind. They shoved, buffeted, and jostled the defenders, anxious at first to hurt as few as possible. Very quickly the fight became vicious. The parties fell on one another, and the wildest excitement followed. The men in the boats shouted and blew their whistles, and it seemed as if their comrades would have a bad time before they could land. The men fought the police on shore with their fists, while the women and children kept up a running fire of stones on the men in the boats. The police fought at first with their batons, and laid about them vigorously. Some of them fixed bayonets and used them, while others used the butt ends of their rifles. One man jumped into the sea and swam along the shore to escape the batons of the police. Another attempted to grapple with a policeman, and received a terrific blow from a baton on the temple. After this his assailant lunged about him with his bayonet, and the half stunned man, in attempting to ward off a thrust with his bare hand, received a terrible gash.

At last sheer weight of numbers told. The islanders were overcome, and they were allowed to disperse, with aching heads and limbs. Then the rest of the force was landed, and the all-conquering 200, having vanquished the islanders, advanced to evict Daniel Healy. The actual eviction was a pitiful affair, unrelieved by a touch of colour. Healy is an old man living with his wife, his son and daughter-in-law and their two children. The wretched cabin is the only home they have ever known, and they clung to the place with its cozy walls and swimming floor with the inherent devotion of the Celt for his home.

The 200 police halted outside the house. The agents of the landlord were the first to enter. Healy approached them and pleaded for a settlement. His proposition was flouted. "The law must take its course," said the agent. "Clear out everything!" Then the sheriff's men started to remove the furniture. To add to the pathos of the scene, a steady downpour of rain had set in. The young mother gathered her infant from the cradle, while a kindly neighbour took charge of the other child—an ailing mite of three, who had been ill. Then the police, having accomplished their work, departed. They left a force of thirty men in charge of the island.

Photo, Illustration Bureau.

MR. and MISS RIDER HAGGARD with Commissioner Booth-Tucker aboard s.s. "Vancouver," witnessing the departure of 1200 emigrants for the Salvation Army Colony in Canada. Mr. Haggard arrived home by the "Majestic" from an inspection of the Colony just as the emigrants were leaving.

An Invasion of England.

"Is not invasion possible?" asks Major-General Frank S. Russell, C.M.G., in the May number of the *Nineteenth Century*. No one in his senses, he says, could suggest that Great Britain would ever willingly go to war with Germany, or that such a conflict, were it unfortunately to occur, would be a gigantic calamity for both nations. We must, however, not blind ourselves to facts, we must face the situation as it is, not as we would wish it to be. If we see a young lion becoming daily more and more powerful and daily more inclined to snap and growl at us, we must see that the fence which protects us from his unwelcome attentions is made absolutely secure. The facts which we have to consider are that the German Navy is already most formidable, out of all proportion to the requirements demanded for the protection of its commerce; that it is daily growing stronger; and that, if the present programme is adhered to, in eight years' time it will have a fighting force in the North Sea and Channel certainly equal, if not superior, to any fleet which, consistent with our other naval requirements, we could possibly bring against it. It has long been an axiom in all naval or military strategy that the offensive has an enormous advantage. . . It is also well known that a river is the worst possible guard and defence for any frontier. Behind its shelter forces may be concentrated at various points, and then the passage may be forced at the place selected before the defender has been able to define where his adversary has selected his line of attack. We believe that it has scarcely ever happened in military history that a river has ever proved an insuperable or even a formidable obstacle to an invading army. The Shaho and the other huge rivers of Manchuria have not prevented the advance of the Japanese, any more than the Rhine or Danube hindered the invasions of Napoleon. To all intents and purposes the Channel and North the Sea take the place of rivers in the defence of the frontier of Great Britain. It is true they are broader, deeper, and more difficult to cross, and cannot be bridged, unless we adopt the views of the Duke of Wellington, who regarded every line of communication from one port to another as a bridge, by which troops and material could be conveyed to our shores. These seas, however, while presenting more difficulties than rivers as regards transit, have undoubted advantages—large ships can escort a flotilla, heavy guns can cover its landing, and, above all, the actual points of attack can be changed at the last moment, according as information, conveyed by wireless telegraphy, may indicate as desirable.

THE KING'S TOUR: His Majesty leaving the Palace at Algiers to go out on a motor excursion.

King Alphonso's Laugh.

If King Alphonso ranks to-day among the most popular Sovereigns in Europe, it is thanks, in a measure at least (says the *World*), to Cardinal Merry Del Val, who, while acting as his tutor, first made his relatives realise that he was unpopular, and also that, unless he became popular, he would lose his crown. The Pope, the Austrian Emperor, and that very clever old lady the Archduchess Elizabeth, took the matter in hand; and, in deference to hints from them, the Queen ceased accompanying him wherever he went, and arranged that, when he appeared in public, he should have soldiers, not priests, by his side. By this time he had developed into a charming boy, high-spirited, clever, and warm-hearted; and the Madrileños were given the chance of learning to know him. He was sent among them upon all occasions, not only driving, but riding and on foot; and he soon lost his frightened air, and became quite at home among them, able to talk and even laugh. The first time he was heard to laugh in the streets of Madrid there was a little gasp—people could hardly believe their ears—and then a cheer was raised; whereupon the King laughed again, and the battle was half won. A certain amount of interest in him began to be felt; little stories in which he figured were soon eagerly sought for. His people were delighted when they heard how he had stormed and raged because he was not allowed to go to fight against the Americans; and all the sailor folk in the kingdom began to swear by him when they found his heart was set on joining the navy. Only last year the story of the battle royal he had with his ministers, *à propos* of his desire to have a motor, set all Spain a-chuckling. For all that was needed to make his people love him was that they should know him, and they know him well now.

Photo, Stephan Gribb.

SUBMARINE B.1, the first of the new type of big submarines. It is interesting to note the height of the deck from water-line and the peculiar ram, which is like that of a torpedo boat.

Conscience-Money, 6d.

Mr. W. B. Corry, secretary of the Blackpool Cricket Club, has received six penny stamps, which represent "conscience-money." Two youths climbed over a fence in order to witness a cricket match five years ago, and they now send the money which they should have paid for admission.

The Torrey-Alexander Mission.

The huge temporary hall which was erected in Aldwych for the use of the Salvation Army during the international conference last year, and was later transferred to Cardiff, is about to be re-erected on its old site in Aldwych. During June the Torrey-Alexander mission will be conducted there. The building accommodates some 6,000 or 7,000, over a thousand more than the capacity of the Brixton building. The London Evangelistic Council is arranging the mission, and during the time Messrs. Torrey and Alexander are at Aldwych, the Brixton mission will be discontinued.

Photo, Illustration Bureau.

MR. TOM TAYLOR, of West Molesey, on his horse "Lottery." This animal was bought as a cab-horse in London for five pounds, and has since won his owner fourteen cups in point-to-point races. "Lottery" is now 21 years old but still races, and recently won with a 42-lb. penalty.

A May-Day Parade Abandoned.

The May-day parade of heavy motor-wagons has been abandoned this year because the promoters feel that the purpose of the parade—the popularising of the horseless vehicle for commercial purposes—has been achieved.

Little Slum Queens.

The "Queen of Periwinkle Street" and her tiny majesty of Dunstan's Court are only two of the royalties of Stepney, which district is now teeming with queens. A few days ago the Queen of Saxony, who is, of course, a devoted Roman Catholic, in company with her friend, Father Bernard Vaughan, brother of the late Cardinal-Archbishop, paid a visit to one of the poorest parts of East London, patted little children of the slums, and carried rays of light into many a humble tenement. Some of the little girls thus noticed by the Queen of Saxony have now become queens of their own particular courts or alleys or streets. "A nice little maid," said the Queen, patting a bright girl of three or four years on the head, as the child looked up into her face in silent wonder. The little girl thus honoured was a denizen of Brook Street, which has the distinction of running past the end of world-known Stepney Causeway. "We'll call you the Queen of Brook Street," said Dean Ring, who accompanied the Queen of Saxony. Very soon Periwinkle Street enthroned a queen of its own, and before long the Queen of Butcher Row accomplished her accession in company with the Queen of Dunstan's Court, and the queens of other thoroughfares not less important. The Queen of Saxony has followed her East End tour, and her Good Friday attendance of the three hours' service preached by Father Bernard Vaughan, by sending the slum queens and their lively little subjects a generous consignment of fruit.

The Most Beautiful Girl in Russia.

The most beautiful girl in St. Petersburg Society is the only daughter of the late Vice Admiral Makaroff, who perished on board the *Petropavlovsk*, says *M. A. P.* Miss Makaroff, who is only twenty years of age, is tall and slight, with a wealth of soft, brown hair, dark eyes, and a rich complexion. She is an admirable English scholar, and has a preference for everything English. The erroneous report that crept into circulation that her lover as well as her father had perished on the *Petropavlovsk* resulted in Miss Makaroff receiving innumerable proposals of marriage from all over the world, one being from a young American millionaire who, in the exuberance of his compassion, laid both his heart and his fortune at the feet of the beautiful young Russian. Miss Makaroff's *fiancé*, Lieut. Kedroff, is still in China. He left for the East at the very outbreak of hostilities as aide-de-camp to Admiral Makaroff, and was the only member of his staff who escaped being drowned on board the *Petropavlovsk*. It appears that a few minutes before the Russian Fleet set out in pursuit of the Japanese on that memorable morning, just twelve months ago, the Commander-in-Chief sent the young lieutenant ashore to telegraph a message to Mme. Makaroff at Peterhoff. When Lieut. Kedroff returned after performing his commission all that was left of the great battleship was a few spars.

A TRAVELLED BUILDING: The temporary hall which first accommodated the Salvation Army Congress, and which, after having been removed to several towns, is now to be erected on the original site in the Strand for the Torrey-Alexander mission.

Photo, Topical.

Miss Nan Patterson, the fascinating actress who stands charged with the murder of her lover.

Nan Patterson's Defence.

Two dramatic surprises were in store for the crowd of fashionable folks who thronged the court in which the trial of Nan Patterson, the pretty "Florodora" girl, for the murder of Cæsar Young, the English bookmaker, was resumed. The girl herself—whose deathly pallor contrasted relentlessly with two pitiful patches of scarlet on her cheeks—seemed amazed at the turn taken in the battle for her liberty. Her counsel rose, and in colourless tones electrified the throng by declaring that he should call no witnesses for the defence. It was some moments before the drift of this decision became manifest. Its effect is to checkmate the efforts of the prosecution to tighten the links in the chain of circumstantial evidence against the prisoner, which has hitherto been laid before the jury by way of innuendo rather than proof. Sensible of the strong effect produced by this move, counsel for Nan Patterson made an unimpassioned but forceful appeal to the jury's sense of fair play. He demonstrated the fact that not only was there no evidence to prove the girl guilty of this dastardly crime, but that Young's death would be a greater blow to herself than to any one else. Then he showed how she met Young on the fatal morning at his solicitation by telephone at a time when, so far as she knew, she had given him her final farewell, and therefore she could not possibly have planned to kill him—a crime which meant that she would lose not only her lover, but her livelihood, her liberty, and everything she held dear. What, then, were the facts of his death? What was the theory to which they must be unerringly and inevitably driven? "This," said counsel; "that Mr. Young tried to frighten the girl with the revolver, that there was a struggle between them, and that in the midst of it Young accidentally discharged the weapon, and so, in effect, died by his own hand." The throng in court, and especially the jury, were deeply impressed at this new light thrown upon the mystery at the eleventh hour, and it was generally felt that the case for the prosecution had been enormously weakened.

Married by Telegraph.

Although separated by 1,000 miles, Miss Mary Slaughter, of Bowling-green, Kentucky, and Mr. James Murrell, of Wyoming, have been married by telegraph. There was a clergyman at each end of the wire (says the *Telegraph's* correspondent). The bride was attired in a white wedding gown and the usual veil, and accompanied by a number of friends.

The Russian Revolution.

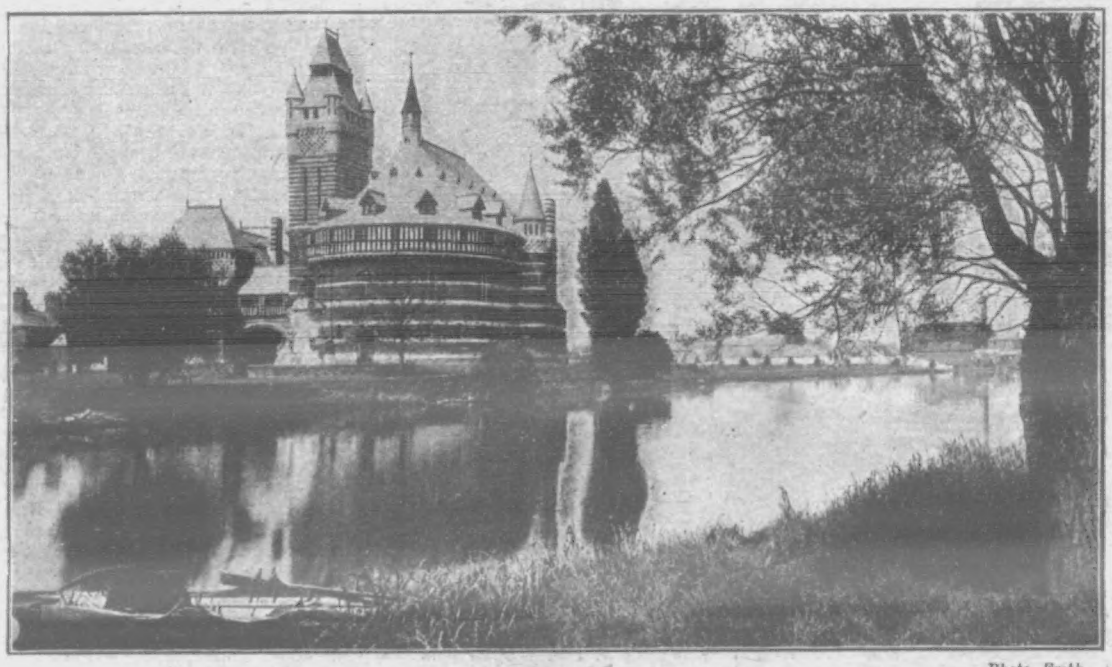
Fresh atrocities have taken place in Russia. At Warsaw, on Easter Monday, the troops shot down men, women, and even little children in large numbers. The first disturbance occurred a little before noon. In spite of all warnings, a few terrorists persisted in distributing Socialistic handbills. In the Wola district a student was shouting "war news"—which was, in fact, a recital of rather ancient disasters. A policeman tried to arrest him. He wrenched himself clear, and shot the policeman in the leg. A passing patrol opened fire. They missed the fugitive, and, continuing to fire after he had rounded the corner, they shot a carpenter who was standing quietly on the footpath and was not concerned in any way with the affair. The news ran like wildfire through the town. The death of the student might not have mattered much, but the carpenter was well known to the men of his own trade, and the murder —for so they regarded it—inflamed them with anger. The carpenters approached the other trade guilds, and organised a great procession. Several thousand workmen marched through the streets, carrying red flags and Polish National emblems. They sang the "Marseillaise" and other revolutionary hymns. Crowds of women and children clustered about the tail of the procession. Drawn up against the kerbstone in Theodora Street, Jerusalem Avenue, was a squadron of Uhlans. Half the procession passed the troops in safety. Apparently the officers regarded the red flags and the music as natural expressions of the holiday feeling. Then a body of infantry came marching down a side street, and the situation changed on the instant from a picturesque spectacle to a tragedy. The Uhlans charged into the procession, slashing right and left with their swords. The holiday-makers — men, women, and children—became mingled with the strikers. Women shrieked, and they all turned to run. Then the infantry fired several volleys, and a great number of independent shots. Men, women, and little children were shot down, and their wounds, almost without exception, were in the back.

Illness of M. Paderewski.

M. Paderewski, the famous pianist, is stated by the doctors to be suffering from spotted fever, or, as it is medically known, cerebro-spinal meningitis. His breakdown after the concert at London, Ontario, last week, has proved more serious than was believed at the time. He was playing a very difficult passage in the course of his programme, when he felt something snap at the back of his neck. Despite the fact, however, that this was followed by intense pain at the base of the brain and down the spinal column, he finished the concert. After the concert it was found that his arms were stiff and swollen, and it was only with difficulty that he was able to move his head. Paralysis was feared, but a local physician declared that all that was wrong was a nervous breakdown.

Photo, Illustration Bureau.

A DEAF AND DUMB WEDDING: Miss Eleanor Barnes and Mr. Sydney Scott, both deaf mutes, were married at St. John's Church, Brixton, last week, by signs. The photograph shows the bride saying "I will" in sign language.



Photo, Frith.

A view of the Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford-on-Avon, taken from the river.

A Double V.C.

The death is announced of Trumpet-Major Robert Kells, V.C., Sergeant-Yoeman of the Guard, at the age of seventy-four. Kells was one of the twelve men of the 9th Lancers who received the Victoria Cross for gallantry during the Indian Mutiny and one of the four men of the same regiment who earned it on September 28th, 1857, at Bolundshahur. He defended against a number of the enemy his commanding officer, Captain Drysdale, who was lying in a street with his collarbone broken, his horse having been disabled by a shot, and remained with him till out of danger.

Boy Sheep-Stealers.

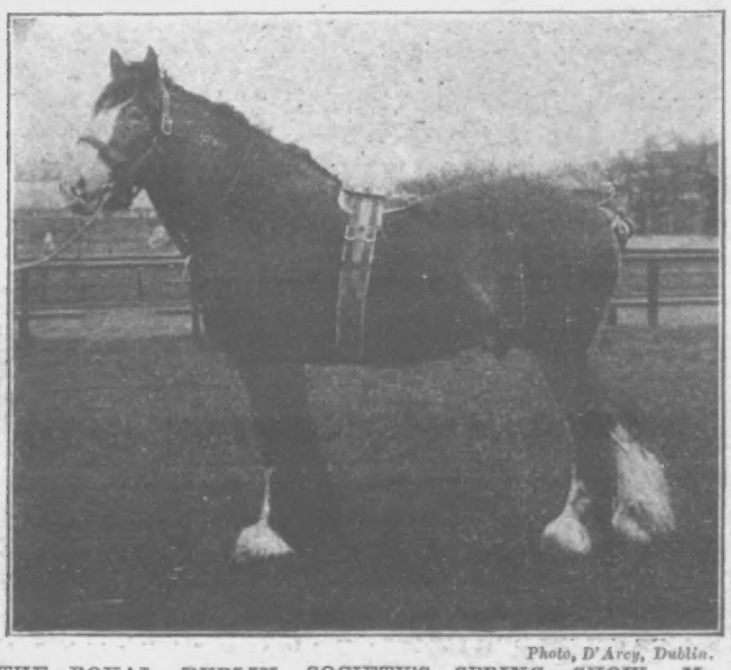
Two boys, named Samuel Mallett and Harold Griffiths, were remanded at Huntingdon on a charge of stealing a sheep. It was alleged that the youngsters selected a sheep from a number of others, and hired a trap in which they conveyed it to St. Ives, where the animal was entered in a public auction. With the proceeds of the sale the boys had an afternoon's pleasure at Huntingdon Steeplechases.

He Saw the Battle of Waterloo.

Joseph Rouchesne, who died in Brussels last week at the age of 1?6, fought in the Belgian Revolution of 1830, and had a very clear recollection of Napoleon's march through Belgium. He witnessed the battle of Waterloo at the age of sixteen, when he acted as guide to the French detachment

The End of the Autocracy.

Under the title of "The End of the Autocracy" the writer of the article on "The Tsar," which recently electrified the readers of the *Quarterly Review*, contributes to the new number of the *National Review* a study of Russia and its ruler at the present moment, which is startling in its bitterness. The writer foresees in the painfully near future a terrible destiny for Russia; her ruler he paints as an epileptic, deserted by all to whom he has hitherto looked for support, and left now under the domination of feminine influences thinly veiled as the "Boudoir Council." He is vacillating, obstinate, weak-willed, uncertain, indeterminate, blind to all counsels. "A private citizen," says the writer; "who should mismanage his paternal estate as Nickolai Alexandrovitch misrules his empire would be temporarily deprived of the control of his property, treated as a minor, and placed under tutelage. A vast concourse of human beings are at his mercy. His whim turns hundreds of thousands of citizens into orphans, beggars, corpses. And the living vainly mourn for the dead and murmur at their own lot, all the outcome of a whim, the passing whim, of a sickly creature who himself needs guidance and guardianship. But the soul-crippled prince, by whose order hundreds of thousands are crushed, impoverished, brutalised, killed, is inviolable. Every expedient that human ingenuity, chastened by latter-day ethics, could devise has been tried, and tried in vain. His Ministers have warned him; his people have besought him; Grand Dukes have left him; his own mother and his wife's sister have dissociated themselves from him, and some of them ask the world to take note that they are washing their hands of the autocrat, hoping to benefit the dynasty. To no purpose. The grain of sand still stops the motion of the wheel. After each massacre of his loyal people, misnamed a battle, he inflates his chest and tells the world that he is undaunted still and will carry on the fearful struggle to the end, bravely sacrificing ever more blood and ever more money. Bravely? Is it his own blood then? Ah, no; that is the ichor of a race of gods — inviolate and inviolable. He offers up only the life-blood of other scores of thousands of his people to whom his voice is the decree of doom. And the money he squanders is neither his own nor that of his house, but merely the hoarded millions of his French allies. Our Tsar is one of those typical rulers sent in periods of national transition to peoples foredoomed to be stung into pulling down the tottering fabric of the past. For many years he was characterised by weakness of will, which is now brought into painful relief by a convulsive craving for strength. The feebleness is evidenced in his chronic state, the fitful force in his transitory moods. He has also gradually lost much of the power of voluntary attention in which ten years ago he was not deficient, so that he is often now unable to suppress for a time the activity of certain nervous centres, in order to sharpen his perception of a group of ideas. Fitfulness is his substitute for steadiness, impulse for will, and mood for character. He is constant only in his inconstancy. Our whole empire is come to a deadlock." The article has created a profound sensation in political circles.

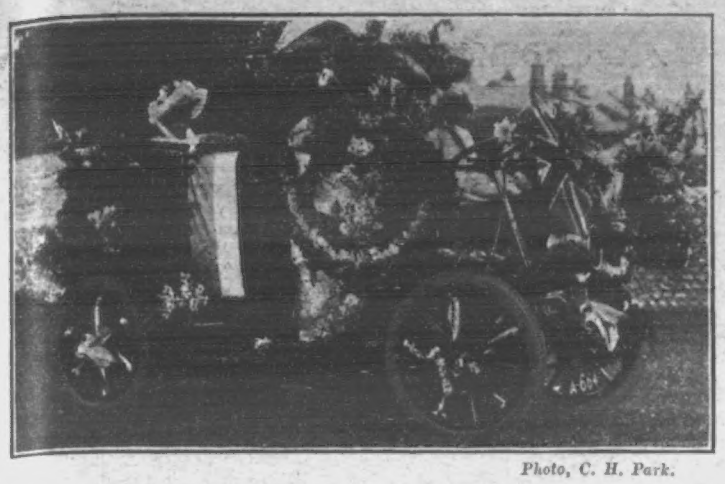


Photo, D'Arcy, Dublin.

THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY'S SPRING SHOW: Mr. Thomas O'Malley's First Prize Clydesdale Stallion "King Tom."

Photo, D'Arcy, Dublin.

THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY'S SPRING SHOW: The Hon. Mrs. Ward's First Prize Hackney Stallion "Dissenter."



Photo, C. H. Park.

A very pretty car that was seen at the Worthing Motor Carnival on Easter Monday. This car, which is owned by Mr. Jackson, was awarded a prize.

A Romance of Two Continents.

The wedding of Mr. Harry Thaw, brother of the Countess of Yarmouth, with Miss Nesbit took place at Pittsburg last week. This wedding is the culmination of a three year romance, which has been the talk of two continents, and it finally disproves the story that the pair were married in London last autumn. When Miss Nesbit returned to the States from London then she passionately declared that Harry Thaw always stayed at Carlton, and she had stayed at Claridge's. The opposition of the bridegroom's mother, whose husband was at one time mayor of New York, and left her eight millions sterling, was overcome She agreed to allow her son £20,000 a year, and was present at his wedding in the parlour of a Pittsburg Presbyterian parsonage, where she saw the bride for the first time in her life. Miss Nesbit is not yet twenty, and a few years ago was a poor, little, bare-footed Allegheny girl. She was married in a light three-quarter opera cloak, trimmed with rare lace and ornamented with Parisian floral designs. They have sailed for Europe. The bride is the most photographed person in the United States. When fifteen she was an artist's model, and sat for Charles Dana Gibson's most famous drawing, called "The Eternal Question." In this picture her flowing hair is trained so as to form an interrogation point. She went on the stage, and appeared in *Florodora* as a simple flower girl. George Lederer imagined he saw in her another Edna May, but Harry Thaw, who bombarded her with pianos and costly jewels, which were all returned, ultimately proved a successful rival in managing her. She forsook the theatre and went on a European tour with her mother. Thaw followed, and the mother suddenly returned to America to marry a broker named Holman, who gave the bride away. Mr. Thaw and his lady-love crossed last November. Upon their arrival they stayed at the Hotel Cumberland. Miss Nesbit was offered a fortune to leave her lover alone, while Thaw was threatened that he would be cut off with the proverbial family dollar. Both were equally obdurate, and now they have their reward. Thaw is the gay young spark who three years ago gave a banque at Paris to twenty beauties of European reputation. The dinner was supposed to have cost 250,000 francs. When his sister married the Earl of Yarmouth, he was on the programme to give the bride away, but he failed to appear.

A Drawing-room Beehive.

"Moderation in all things" is the motto which myriads of bees are at present engaged in writing in honeycomb in elaborate Persian characters in a London drawing-room. Bicycles and Prince of Wales feathers are among the previous artistic achievements of these bees. They number some 34,000, and render an annual tribute of about 60lb. of honey. For the last fifteen years they have been the pets of Miss Baden-Powell, the sister of the defender of Mafeking, who has taken them with her from her old home at St George's Place, Piccadilly, to her new residence at Prince's Gate. The bees occupy an immense glass-fronted cage in the drawing-room, and an opening in the wall at the back allows them free access to the outer world. Another idea, which is probably unique, and for which Miss Baden-Powell has been awarded a prize, is a system whereby a number of flat, glazed comb sections are fitted at the back with cloth hinges, permitting them to be opened or shut like the leaves of a book. This arrangement affords the bees their two great necessities of life, darkness and warmth, and yet allows their operations to be inspected from time to time. The quantity of honey produced is remarkable, even for a country apiary, while the quality is attested by the fact that Miss Baden-Powell has been awarded three prizes at various country shows. At St. George's Place there was no garden, and the bees sought their honey far afield. In fact, Miss Baden-Powell believes that, though they sometimes visit the parks, the bees, as a rule, sally forth as far as the suburbs, and even the outlying country. They do not seem to favour many garden flowers, except heliotrope, phlox, and clematis, but lime trees have considerable attractions for them, and they cannot resist the snowy blossoms of a fruit tree. Besides her bees, Miss Baden-Powell keeps a number of canaries and chaffinches, who have their nest in a large shrub on the landing outside the drawing-room. They are allowed free flight over the house.

Lunatic Engineers.

Four well dressed men were surprised by the police in the act of tearing up the paving in front of the Pantheon in Paris in the small hours of last Thursday morning On being asked what they were doing, they replied that they were charged with the work of transforming the dome of the Pantheon into a huge fountain, and were about to take soundings for the available water supply. The policeman on duty promised to procure them assistance, and summoned half a dozen policemen in plain clothes, who escorted the would-be engineers to the district police station. They turned out to be escaped inmates of a provincial lunatic asylum.

Photo, Mme. Lallie Charles.

LADY EVELYN HELY-HUTCHINSON, who was married last week to Captain Francis Douglas Farquhar at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street.

MISS BADEN-POWELL and her Bees.

Fatal Practice-Firing.

George Gilson, master of the fishing vessel *Matilda*, who was struck by a bullet when fishing off Sheerness on Thursday, has died in the Royal Naval Hospital at Sheerness. Before his death he informed his relatives that he was steering and attending to the trawl when the bullet struck him. A company of the Royal Garrison Artillery is stated to have been firing from Barton's Pont when Gilson was wounded.

Killed by Her Pony.

Dorothy Hirst, the eight-year-old daughter of a Huddersfield magistrate, was killed on Saturday afternoon, being dragged, head downward, by her pony for nearly half a mile. The girl was out riding, in charge of a coachman, who followed on a horse. On reaching Netherton Bar the pony stumbled, throwing Dorothy from the saddle. Her dress caught on the pommel, and with her head striking the roadway, she was dragged along, the pony going at a rapid pace down the road. When the animal was stopped by some workmen the child was still hanging from the saddle Her head was terribly injured, and she died almost immediately.

Another Mail Robbery.

Another daring attempt to rob a mail van was reported at Newcastle last Friday morning, and following as it does upon the recent pillaging of a mail cart by three men at Kenton, it has caused widespread alarm throughout the district. At 12.30 on the Thursday night a motor mail van left Sunderland with mails and parcels for Newcastle. The night was dark, and a slight rain was falling, but the roads were in a good condition, and a steady pace of ten miles an hour was maintained. As the van was running down Laverick Hill, just outside the town of Jarrow, an obstacle placed across the highway was unexpectedly encountered. At the same moment three men sprang out of the hedge and shouted to the driver to stop. The car jolted over the obstacle, but though some damage was sustained, the vehicle was able to proceed on its way. The driver put on speed, and ran into Newcastle without further mishap. Information was lodged with the police, and the authorities of Jarrow and Sunderland were communicated with by telephone. A search party left immediately for the scene of the outrage, and constables patrolled the road all night, but without result. Most of the mail-van drivers attached to the local post offices have armed themselves with revolvers as a result of this second attack.

Nelson Relics on View.

An exhibition of Nelson relics has been opened at the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall. For the first time the uniforms which Nelson wore at the battle of the Nile and at Trafalgar have been brought together. In the same case with these somewhat gruesome relics is Lord Nelson's pigtail, which was cut off after his death. Another interesting exhibit is a portion of the main mast of the *Victory*, showing the hole made by a round shot fired from the French 74-gun ship *Redoubtable*. This relic is the property of the King. A sentimental relic is a letter to Lady Hamilton from Nelson, the first passage of which shows the absorbing nature of his affection. Lady Hamilton is again recalled by a portion of the flounce of a white muslin dress that once was hers.

Photo, Topical.

MRS. HARRY THAW, the newly-made bride of Mr. Harry Thaw, brother of the Countess of Yarmouth. (A full account of the romantic nature of this wedding appears above.)

The Nelson Centenary Exhibition: The main mast of the "Victory" surmounted by a bust of Nelson. This exhibit is lent by the King.

Silhouette Competition

FIRST PRIZE: A MOTOR-BICYCLE.

EVERYONE is familiar with the photographs of prominent men and women; they may be seen in shop windows, or on picture postcards, or in the illustrated papers. Most readers, too, are as familiar with the pose of the sitter as with the photograph itself. Such readers will, therefore, find a keen pleasure in identifying the actors and actresses whose silhouettes appear on this page.

All you have to do is to write clearly in ink underneath each of the silhouettes the surname of the man or woman you believe it to be. If there are two people of the same name you must put the Christian name as well.

Do not hesitate to compete, even though you may not be able to name all the pictures each week. Other competitors may not be so clever as yourself.

No alterations may be made in the names. If you have made a mistake in the spelling, cross out the name and write it again.

Only one name must be written under each picture.

When you have filled in all the names and the coupon below, cut out this announcement, and keep it by you until the rest of the silhouettes have appeared. Full instructions will be given as to sending in your attempts.

The prize of a "Centaur" motor-bicycle will go to the competitor from whom the Editor receives the complete series of pictures containing the greatest number of correct solutions, and other prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

In the event of a tie the prizes will be awarded at the Editor's discretion.

The published decision is final and conclusive, and competitors may enter only on that understanding.

(1.)

Name .....

(2.)

Name .....

Name .....

Address .....

"P.I.P." May 6, 1905.

Mr. Arthur Croxon, a quaint comedian, who has been engaged by the Moss Empires as a result of the recent "trial matinee" at Holloway Empire.

Skating Round the World.

Two remarkable American tourists, Messrs. George Crawford and William Clark, who are travelling round the world on roller skates, have recently arrived at the Hôtel de Paris, Rouen. Attached to the skates are light steel supports which reach to the travellers' knees, and are strapped to their legs. On a good road they are able to travel ten miles an hour, though the average speed is eight miles. Spain, Persia, and British India are to be included in the itinerary.

Blind Man's Great Walk.

James O'Neill, the blind man of Cambuslang, is now well advanced on his walk from John o' Groats to Land's End. He had an enthusiastic send-off from his native Lanarkshire town, and took the train to Wick, which is the most northerly town in Scotland and only eight miles from John o' Groats. The actual start of the walk was made on April 25, and at the rate of about a mile and a half an hour, the stout-hearted blind man groped his way all day through the most desolate and barren parts of Caithness. On the following day he arrived at Dornoch. After rounding Ben Wyvis, he will push on to Inverness, and then walk in a south-westerly direction to Cambuslang.

A Search for Genius.

MUSIC-HALL TRIAL MATINEE.

Two interesting little stories of modest ambition are told of the manner in which the high road to fortune was reached by the two "turns" chosen out of sixty at Mr. Oswald Stoll's trial matinée for professional artists, at the Holloway Empire last week. Take the case of the Mimosa Trio. The ages of the young ladies who form this little band of dancers are eighteen, nineteen, and twenty, and the girls have only been on the stage for about a couple of years. Two of them are sisters, and the third is a lifelong friend of both. Two of the girls were on tour in musical comedy, and while wandering about from town to town they formed the idea of making a little combination among themselves, and laying siege to the music-halls. When the tour came to an end, therefore, they met together, and, out of their savings, purchased the blue costumes which helped them to look so fascinating at the matinée. The eldest of them made the hats, and then they tried to book engagements. But as they were utterly unknown, no engagements were to be had. When they saw Mr. Stoll's offer to provincial artists who complained that they could never get a hearing from a London manager, they sent in applications, and received a form to fill up. They confessed afterwards that they did not expect they had the remotest chance of an engagement, but have now smilingly signed contracts for a twenty-three weeks' tour. The history of Mr. Arthur Croxon's ambitions is almost equally modest. He was a clerk, who, finding that he was good at comic songs, took to singing at smoking concerts. Once, for a glorious week, he appeared at the Accrington Hippodrome. But he always kept his eye on London. His chance came at the matinée, and his five-minute show was so humorous that several managers who saw him wired at once offering engagements. Mr. Stoll's offer, however, was the one he preferred.

THE MIMOSA TRIO: A pretty troupe of dancers who have been engaged by the Moss Empires, as a result of the recent "trial matinee" at the Holloway Empire.

THE EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION, which opens on Saturday.

SPECIAL "P.I.P." SKETCHES AT A REHEARSAL PERFORMANCE IN THE RED INDIAN ENCAMPMENT.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

What our Colonial visitors will do this season cannot be gauged even by those who have seen them at practice at Lords. One satisfactory item of news, however, is that Joe Darling is elected captain. He is undoubtedly the right man in the right place, and his election will allow of Noble turning all his attention to the game without the cares of leadership.

The "Cornstalks" (is this the right term? I hear someone saying) have been much lauded since they landed here, and I had the privilege of attending at the London Pavilion last week-end and the Lyceum on Monday, when they were entertained by the respective managements.

FOOTBALL.

Football died last Saturday evening, but it died very hard; indeed, the season may be said to have gone out with a flourish to trumpets. Everybody was agog to know whether Newcastle United had won at Middlesbrough, and if Manchester City had succeeded in the admittedly tough task that they had on hand at Villa Park, for on the results of those games depended the Championship of the League. Not only in the districts most interested, but in every quarter of the Kingdom, the question "Who has won?" was asked with equal eagerness. In the far North the game went in favour of Newcastle, and, with Manchester City failing to quite hold Aston Villa, the honours went to Tyneside—a solatium for their defeat in the Cup final.

They had nothing to thank Aston Villa for at the Palace, as, by the Villa's unexpected tactics, the Cup, which Novocastrians had looked upon as booked for Tyneside, was secured for Birmingham, but on Saturday Newcastle had to thank the Villa for beating Manchester City, and so making the League Championship an absolute certainty for the United after the victory of 3—0 gained at Middlesbrough. This victory, by the way, was gained in somewhat sensational style, for Orr got a goal for Newcastle about five minutes from the start, and from that stage the ultimate success of the United was hardly ever in doubt. Superb defence on the part of the home backs and goalkeeper prevented the Middlesbrough goal being again captured prior to half-time, but the second half brought another brilliant goal for the United, Rutherford being the successful player. Then Appleyard ran through and scored a third goal, this completely settling matters.

Equally as exciting, though rather less "clean," was the game at Birmingham, Garratty beginning the scoring for the Villa eight minutes from the commencement. All seemed plain-sailing for the Villa when Hampton and Hall got further goals, but the Manchester City men were not done with by any means, and Livingstone got through for them. Their chances of yet pulling the match out of the fire were increased when Windmill, the Villa half-back, had to leave the field owing to an injury just after the interval. Jones gave the City another point, and so heated became the players that the game had to be stopped. However, there was no more scoring, and the Villa won a very keen match by 3 goals to 2. Of the other League match played on Saturday not much notice was taken except by the immediate supporters of Stoke and Small Heath. Stoke won by a goal to nil, Haines scoring well into the second half.

While congratulating Newcastle on their triumph in the League, one cannot help commiserating with Everton, who would undoubtedly have been champions if luck had not gone dead against them in their match with Woolwich Arsenal at Plumstead. Again, had Newcastle lost, as well as Manchester City last Saturday, the honours would have gone to Everton, but such a contingency was hardly likely to occur, strange game as football is. The hard fact remains that Everton with 47 points yield pride of place to Newcastle with 48 points, while Manchester City must perforce remain content with third position, their points being 46. Aston Villa are an honourable fourth, and but for one or two unexpected slips they would have finished at the top. Doubtless, however, they are satisfied with their season's achievements. After all, the English Cup is the main object.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

There is no more popular meeting than that of the spring gathering of the South London Harriers, which took place at Kennington Oval last Saturday. The irrepressibles had a fine day, and fully 8,000 spectators witnessed some excellent sport. Every description of athletic and cycling event was coloured on the card, and the home team scored one of their biggest successes.

In the flat events the honours undoubtedly fell to L. J. de B. Reed, a member of the promoting club. Starting from the 4½yds. mark in the open hundred, he simply romped home, and he followed this by running second to L. F. Tremeer in the scratch race at the same distance. Then he wound up by winning the 250yds. handicap with an allowance of 7yds.

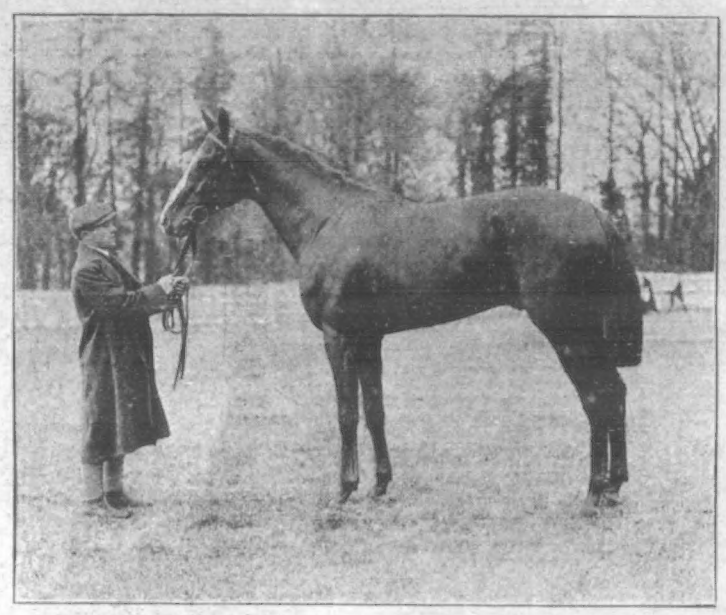
In the cycle events Leon Meredith gave yet another taste of his quality. He had no difficulty in disposing of A. E. Wills in the three miles cycle pursuit race, his time being 8min. 1⅗sec. He also won the mile cycle scratch race, but it was only after a hard struggle with W. Clark, whilst G. F. Summers was only half a length behind the second. The time was very slow, as 3min. 13⅘sec. amply proves.

In the handicaps awheel J. T. Scott was successful with a push off of 160yds. and he won by no less than 50yds. from A. Rushen, of the Paddington C.C. The third place was filled by S. W. Lack, Cambridge. The half-mile cycle handicap was won by L. Webster, of the Bedford C. and A.C., Rushen was again second, and Scott filled the third place.

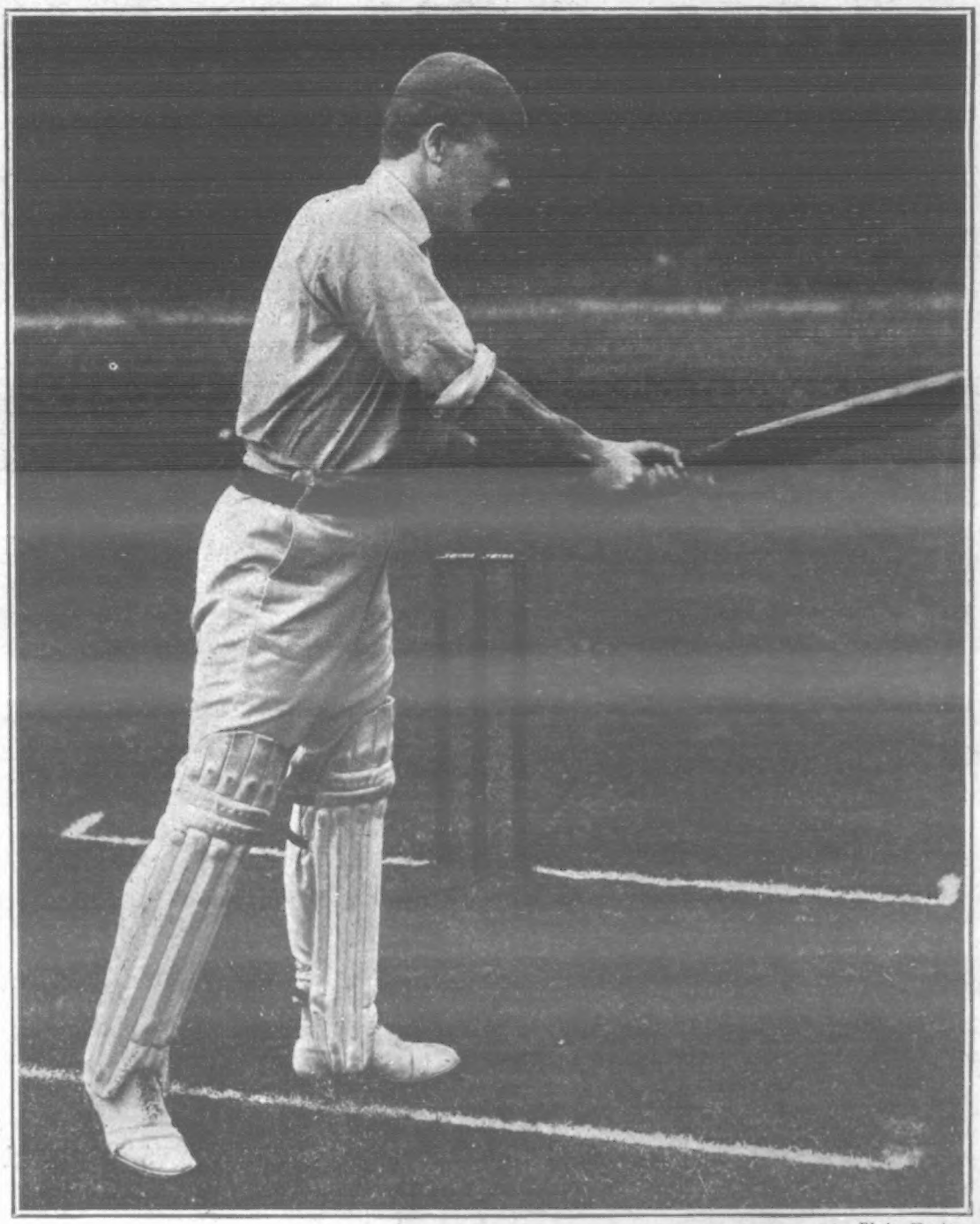
In the half-mile running handicap A. E. Burberry, of the Finchley Harriers, proved his quality by again winning, and his success in 1min. 54⅗sec. from the 58yds. mark was a very fine performance. The ten miles and national champion, A. Aldridge, was beaten in the two miles inter-club race by D. McNicol, of the Thames Valley Harriers, but the distance is too short for him.

The winner is a runner of promise, as his time of 9min. 46sec. amply proves. The two miles walking handicap went to H. G. Turner, of the Hairdressers' A.C., and altogether the meeting was one of the most successful ever held by the South London Club.

Some comment was caused by the absence of the amateur sprint champion, J. W. Morton, who was competing at the Notts Forest F.C. sports at Trent Bridge. The champion had given an undertaking some time previously to compete at the Forest gathering, and he acted perfectly right in not breaking his word. Of course, he easily secured the level hundred at the Midland gathering, his time being 10⅗secs.

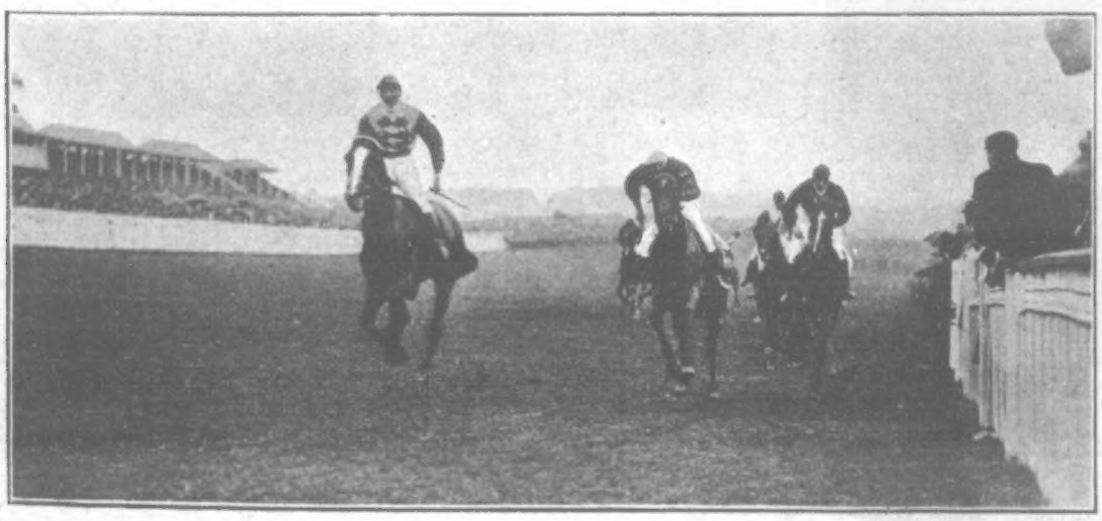


PHARISEE, the winner of the City and Suburban.



Photo, Hawkins.

J. DARLING, the captain of the Australian cricketers, now beginning a tour in this country.



The finish of the City and Suburban Race at Epsom, which was won by Pharisee, Ambition being second, and Dean Swift third.

UNIVERSAL TRIBUTES TO "ANTIPON."

OBESITY COMPLETELY CURED

With many men and women the comment "How much stouter you have grown!" when first heard from the mouth of a friend or acquaintance, is little short of a blow, and the result is generally an immediate resolve to take up the fight against fat. Unfortunately, in too many cases the wrong weapons are employed, and disaster not unfrequently follows. That is to say, some old-time method of reducing weight is adopted, of which the chief factor is a starvation dietary aggravated by weakening physical exercises and injurious drugs. Such drastic measures do not fail to "bring down" weight, but more often than not they "bring down" the patient too, and sound constitutions are often ruined by these barbarous remedies. To fight against fat the system must not be impoverished, but strengthened! This is the principle which underlies the enormous success of "Antipon," which is not only a sure, safe, and rapid absorbent of the unhealthy and superabundant fatty matter that renders the appearance so unprepossessing and clogs the system generally, but a tonic of rare value, which steadily restores strength and vitality during the reductive process. Thus the action of "Antipon" is a dual one; moreover, it kills the tendency to put on an excess of fat, and once the course of treatment gone through, and the normal conditions of weight and shapeliness restored, the doses may be discontinued. The development of diseased fatty matter is effectually destroyed, and the cure is permanent.

From every part of the world grateful men and women have written to thank the "Antipon" Company for the marvellous benefits received through a course of "Antipon" treatment. These letters are carefully preserved at the offices of the company:—

"Alexandria, Egypt.

"I am very pleased with 'Antipon.' I have found it more efficacious than other treatments I have used up to the present. I recommend it everywhere, and ask you to accept my warm thanks.—C. J——."

"Ladybrand, Orange River Colony.

"An ex-member of the (former) Volksraad has found great benefit from 'Antipon.'—N. Coaker, Chemist by appointment to H.E. the Lieutenant-Governor."

"The Manager, Army and Navy Stores, Bombay.

"When I started 'Antipon' I was 246lb. in weight, and the reduction is great (61 lb.), for I only weigh 184½lb. I now can take four-mile walks with ease. Another recommendation is its power of reducing gracefully, for my skin is quite tightened. My heart, which is diseased, is stronger, and its beating healthier. Besides, I have an excellent appetite and I have never restricted myself in any form of diet.—(Mrs.) F. M. S——."

"Bloemfontein, Orange River Colony.

"I received your advice to order a further supply of 'Antipon' from chemists here in South Africa. I did so, with the result that my mother weighs 15lb. less than when she began to use it.—(Mrs.) S. van T——."

"Batavia, Java.

"As to the effect of your 'Antipon' I am glad to say that since I began to take it I am reduced 24lb.—H. J. A. R——."

"Nagykata, Hungary.

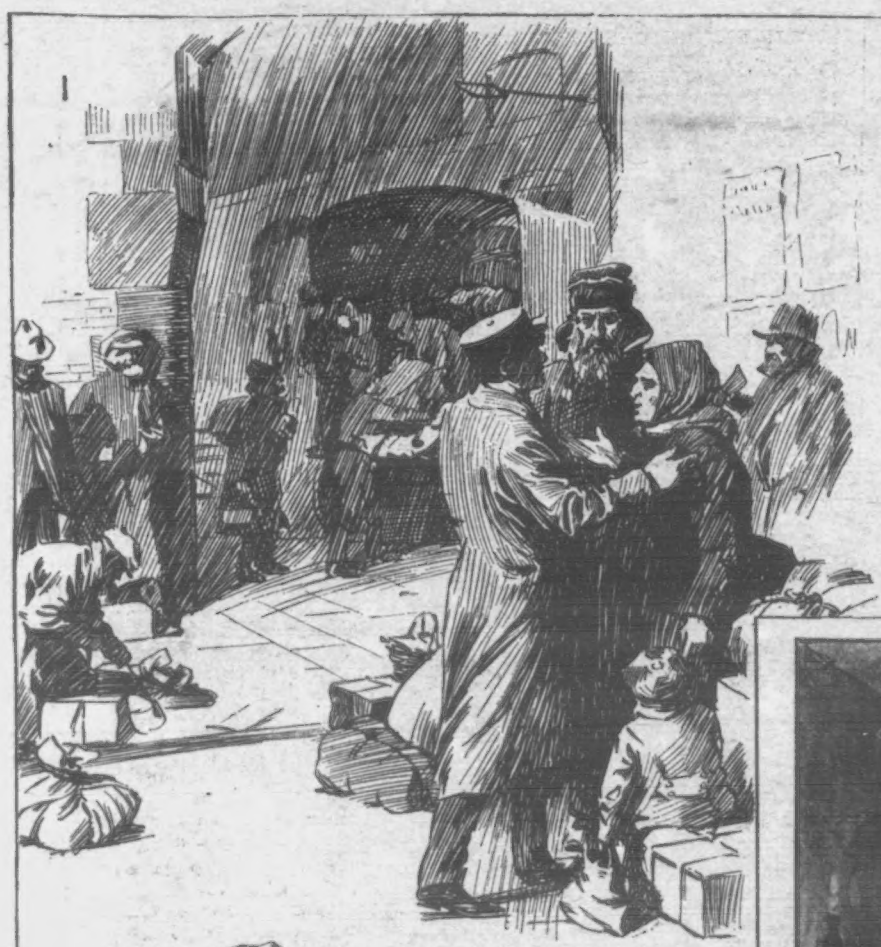
"Two days ago I sent you 40 kronen. Will you kindly send me immediately six bottles of your lovely 'Antipon.' With many thanks.—(Mme.) M. de F——."

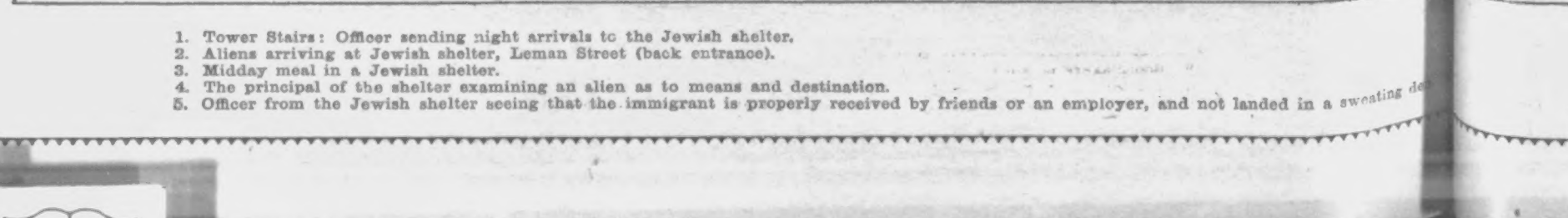
"Antipon" is a splendid appetiser and promoter of digestion. All the help it requires is found in the increased amount of really nourishing food which it induces the subject to take. Thus, during the course of treatment, strength is materially added to, both in new muscular tissue and great nerve power. Within a day and a night of the first dose there is a decrease varying from 8oz. to 3lb., followed by a steady daily diminution until weight and symmetry are all that could be wished.

"Antipon" is an entirely harmless liquid of purely non-mineral constituents. It is pleasant to the palate, refreshing, and causes no stomachic or other trouble. It has also the virtue of being economical in use.

"Antipon" is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by chemists, stores, &c.; or should difficulty arise, may be had (on remitting amount), post free, privately packed, direct from the sole manufacturers, The "Antipon" Company, 13 Buckingham St., Strand, London, W.C.

THE ALIEN IN ENGLAND: SCENES OF THE FOREIGN INV





1. Tower Stairs: Officer sending night arrivals to the Jewish shelter.
2. Aliens arriving at Jewish shelter, Leman Street (back entrance).
3. Midday meal in a Jewish shelter.
4. The principal of the shelter examining an alien as to means and destination.
5. Officer from the Jewish shelter seeing that the immigrant is properly received by friends or an employer, and not landed in a sweating de

THE FOREIGN INVASION IN THE EAST-END OF LONDON.

6. Types of immigrants.
7. Cigarette-makers working at home.
8. Bootmakers at work in a shop.
9. Hawkers in Petticoat Lane.
10. The bondage of the alien: a tailor's sweating den in the East-end.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Over a Silver Bridge.

One of the customs observed at a Bohemian marriage feast is that of making the bride cross a silver bridge.

The bride's father-in-law lifts her on to the table, where she walks on two rows of silver coins, at the end of which her husband stands and receives her into his arms. The silver bridge typifies the wealth with which her bridegroom hopes to smooth her path in life.

Coquetry in Matrimony.

A grave error committed by many women is to believe that they must look their best for the friends, acquaintances, and strangers who visit them, but that they need not take much trouble for their husbands.

But the fact is that a woman ought to ever appear before her husband at her very best, whether it is a morning *negligé* or a full afternoon or evening toilette.

Your husband ought to see in you more than he could see in any other woman. All comparisons ought to be to your advantage. It is not at all necessary that you should have an expensive gown on at breakfast time. Your hair well arranged, and a nicely fitting dressing gown may make you look as attractive as a beautiful ball dress.

It is not clothes that make a woman fascinating; it is the way she puts them on.

In fact, never allow yourself to be seen by your husband in any other state than that in which you would allow yourself to be seen by the male portion of your acquaintances. Not even in illness. As long as your strength permit, remain coquettish and jealous of your appearance.

Propinquity Makes Marriages.

Love at first sight is not very common, despite all that the poets say; a woman learns to love a man by constantly seeing him, she discovers certain qualities in him which she admires, and gradually she falls in love with him. The more she sees of him, the more rapid will the development be. It is exactly the same with a man. Hence it is association which is the prime factor in the making of marriages. If we demand further evidence, we can see it anywhere; remember the marriages of various distinguished persons — marriages which have surprised society and which have been pronounced decidedly odd! A well-known man will marry his cook; she is an estimable woman enough, but she is intellectually and socially his inferior, and everybody wonders how he can have passed so many eligibles in favour of the woman whom he ultimately chooses. They are happy and are devoted to one another. The only explanation is that they were thrown into each other's society every day, and that they discovered certain desirable qualities in one another. Can it be seriously contended by those who uphold the poetic definition that those two would have ultimately come together if the lady had been engaged in some other household in another part of the country?

The Dress of Royal Ladies.

The Queen of Holland, like the Tsaritsa, prefers white to any colour, and she certainly looks best in it. In fact, the blending of colours is not a strong point with her, and when she attempts it her toilettes often leave much to be desired from the artistic standpoint. The Tsaritsa, on the other hand, though she loves white, is extraordinarily clever in the management of colours, and often blends the most apparently impossible shades with excellent effect. The Queen of Italy always seems to know exactly what is becoming to her, and the Queen of Portugal has the same happy knack. With the exquisite taste of Queen Alexandra we are all familiar, and also with her fondness for every shade of mauve and violet.

Women's Appetites.

It is no longer fashionable for women to have small appetites. Many of them not only share the work, but also the outdoor recreations of men, and they need an equal, or almost equal, amount of nourishment. Nowadays a girl coming in from an afternoon's golf or hockey has no more hesitation than her brother would have in owning she is ravenously hungry, and she shows an equal appreciation of the food set before her.

Women used to pretend indifference to the pleasures of the table; they do nothing of the kind at present. The Princess of Wales has an excellent appetite, which needs no artificial stimulating, and she likes a number of dishes. The Duchess of Devonshire also is possessed of a very healthy appetite. Ellen Terry, whose youthfulness and vigour are a lasting marvel to theatre-goers, always has something to eat between the acts. Mrs. Langtry has a cultivated taste both in liqueurs and *entrées*. Of the former she rarely takes more than a tiny sip, but if she barely touch the glass with her lips, still her opinion of its contents is reliable.

Photo, Bassano.

THE LATEST PHOTO OF MISS MILLIE LEGARDE, who is taking a leading part in the new comedy at the Strand Theatre.

Photo, Lafayette.

MISS DELVA, one of Mr. George Edwardes' pretty girls, who is coming out in his new production at the Gaiety Theatre, London.

Bad Habits.

We are always dinning into our children's ears that in order to carry a thing through properly they must devote their whole attention to the matter in hand, and yet we do not always set a good example. We retire for the night with the object of resting our tired bodies and brains; and instead of doing the latter, we make up our minds for a good think, or indulge in a quiet read. Now, a book may have a very soothing effect on some people, but it is decidedly bad for the majority and only excites the brain, so that when we finally lie down sleep refuses to come to us.

There is a time for everything, and after a long, trying day it is most important for our own health, and for the well-being of our families, that we sleep well, but to do so we must retire with this object *only* in view. We must make up our minds not to think—never to read—but to secure that refreshing sleep which is Nature's way of preparing us for whatever vexations we may have to face on the morrow.

Breakfasting in bed, also, unless one is really ill, is a most unhealthy habit, and should not be permitted.

What does Your Looking-Glass Tell You?

If it says you are plain, never mind; you are a great deal better looking than your mirror would have you believe. Don't be out of heart because Nature seems to have dealt out charms to you with a niggard hand; your complexion, colouring, and expression are all far better than the shining and lifeless glass makes them appear. You can never hope to get the charm of your expression in the looking-glass, for there you only see yourself with a critical and, probably, self-conscious look; not as your friends see you, interested, animated, and beaming with intelligence and sympathy.

If you would see yourself as nearly as possible as other people see you, go to your draper's and buy a quantity of soft, pure white material—gauze, if possible, if not Swiss or Indian muslin will do—and with it drape the mirror. First of all, polish the glass well, then gather the material in the middle of the top and bring it down softly on either side. With your glass framed prettily thus, just see what a different tale it will tell you. Every good point of complexion, colouring, and hair will be given its true value, and you will no longer think yourself, as you may have done before, a very plain person.

This draping of a mirror is a very old trick of the milliner, and the result is that you see yourself as others see you; so your apparently improved looks are not a cheat and a delusion.

Wet Umbrellas.

Never open an umbrella to let it dry, for while the silk is wet it easily stretches. The right plan is to close the umbrella and to stand it on its handle to drain, for thus the water soon runs out of it, whereas, if stood point downwards, much of the water would run into the part where the spokes meet at the stick, causing the metal to rust and weaken the frame.

To Renovate Oilcloth.

When oilcloth is losing its shiny surface it can be made to last longer and to look quite new once more by varnishing it over with glue. Wash the oilcloth thoroughly and let it dry. Then at night, when the traffic of the day is over, go over it with a piece of flannel dipped in glue water. Choose a dry day for it, and in the morning the glue will be quite hard and the floorcloth newlooking. The glue water must be prepared some time before it is needed by putting a small quantity of glue in a pint or so of water, and letting it stand on the stove till dissolved.

Gingerbread Sponge.

Required: Half a pound of golden syrup, two ounces of lard, four tablespoonfuls of milk, one pound of flour, two ounces of sugar, two ounces of candied peel, a teaspoonful of baking powder, one egg.

First put the golden syrup into a saucepan with the lard and milk. When melted, stir into it the rest of the ingredients mixed well together with the egg. Beat all thoroughly till light. Pour into a greased tin, and bake in a moderately cool oven for one hour and a half.

Cheese Tartlets.

Required: Two ounces of grated cheese, yolks of two eggs, made mustard, cayenne pepper, short puff pastry.

First line some dainty small tartlet tins with puff pastry and bake with a few crusts of bread in each. Prepare the filling as follows: Take the grated cheese and beat up with the yolks of eggs, a seasoning of made mustard and cayenne pepper; add also, if you have it to spare, a little butter. Empty the crusts out of the cases, put a spoonful of the mixture in each, and bake for ten minutes in a steady oven. Serve very hot on a pretty d'oyley.

Some Irving Anecdotes.

Sir Henry Irving has many friends in America. At one of the New York clubs a gentleman who had enjoyed the actor's performance remarked—

"Well, Sir Henry, I want to make you a present. I'm going to give you a dog."

"What breed?" asked the actor.

"A Russian wolfhound," was the reply.

"Sorry," said Sir Henry, "but I can't accept a Russian wolfhound."

"Why?" asked the friend, in surprise.

"I have a Japanese valet," answered the actor, "and as for myself I'm neutral."

Old fogies will remember the production of "Dearer than Life" at the old Queen's, now long mouldered into dust. Toole, Lionel Brough, Irving, Henry Neville, Sam Emery, Kate Terry, and Margaret Cooper (a most powerful actress of melodrama) were the leaders of a famous cast. Irving was Bob Gassit—a flashy scamp of the type sometimes to be found among the working classes; Dickens was watching him from a stage box.

"I've seen a young fellow who sits upon a table, swinging his legs, and is bullied by Sam Emery," said Dickens afterwards; "and if that young man does not make a great actor I know nothing of the dramatic art."

Sir Henry Irving was once chatting with some brother actors about stage animals, and a certain pony was referred to as having proved an excellent actor when engaged in a well-known play.

"Why," said a famous player, as if to prove the fact, "he used to go on the stage and yawn all the time I was busy at the footlights."

"H'm," said Sir Henry slyly; "I don't know about his being a good actor, but I should say he was a good critic."

Sir Henry Irving tells many stories at his own expense, and perhaps not the least amusing incident he relates is that of the hissing to which he was subjected in an early provincial tour. "I was hissed every night for a week," he says, "when I was playing the provinces about thirty-five years ago. I was given an engagement as leading man in a very small theatre, and before I made my bow to the audience I learned that the man whose place I had taken was very popular in the vicinity, and that the people strongly disapproved of the way in which the management had forced him to retire, so that when I made my appearance the audience showed their disapproval of the manager by strongly hissing the successor to their favourite, and they kept it up for a week. It was a very unhappy week for me."

Sir Henry Irving often causes wonder and amazement to those brought into intimate contact with him by means of the number of eye-glasses of various sorts with which he surrounds himself. Disposed about various portions of the theatre there are at least twenty pairs of glasses, one or other of which Sir Henry is perpetually losing; the missing pair turns up sooner or later, and meanwhile there are nineteen other pairs to choose from. Sir Henry is constantly buying new glasses, and owns to having about sixty always in hand, either at the theatre or at home.

"My barnstorming days," said Sir Henry Irving recently, "seem very distant, and yet very dear to me now. I recall with particular pleasure a melodrama of crime in high life wherewith I barnstormed the provinces for two successful seasons. My part called in the first act for a dark scene. In this darkness I fought with an old earl, threw him heavily, and when he did not rise after the loud thud of his fall I cried out: 'Great heavens! What have I done?' Usually this scene impressed and moved my audience tremendously; but I remember one night in Birmingham when a coster, with one little witticism, turned my outcry and the darkness and the old earl's tragic fall into ridicule and laughter. I have never seen that coster, but I remember his voice well. It was a slow, dry voice, like Mark Twain's, and it manifested itself just after the fall of my aged and noble antagonist. The old earl had dropped heavily, and in the silent obscurity I had cried: 'Great heavens! What have I done?' when the coster spoke up: 'Strike a light, young fellow, and we'll have a look'!"

P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

The event of the week in the playing world was the appearance of Sir Henry Irving at Drury Lane on Saturday in Lord Tennyson's "Becket." It is one of his finest characters, and never has the distinguished actor played the part with greater power, and never looked the character more perfectly. He was extremely sympathetic in his encouragement of Rosamund, and his death-scene was simply grand. The demand for a speech could not be resisted, and Sir Henry expressed himself with his usual grace and feeling. "Such a welcome robs one of words but fills the heart with cherished memories," he said with emotion. An interesting episode was the presentation of a laurel wreath by old Lyceum pitites. Miss Maud Fealy played Rosamund with charming expression, and the company generally was very efficient.

Miss Lena Ashwell, who plays the heroine in "Leah Kleschna," at the New Theatre, is one of Canada's gifts to the English stage. The daughter of a naval officer, Miss Ashwell was born in the Dominion, and lived through her girlhood on the banks of the St. Lawrence River, across whose rushing channel she is said to have swam to the astonishment of stalwart men. She is Miss Ellen Terry's discovery. Miss Terry had undertaken the post of an examiner in an elocution competition at the Royal Academy of Music, and Miss Lena Ashwell, then in London carving out her career, was there. "You should go on the stage at once," said Miss Terry as she handed her a medal for winning the competition; and the words came to the happy girl as a great inspiration. Miss Ashwell "went on the stage"—she waited, that is to say, in an agent's office until an engagement came. When it came it brought her a part which seemed hardly likely to lead to greatness. She was to come on the stage and ask "Did you ring, ma'am?" Whether "ma'am" did ring or not nobody knows to this day, for Miss Ashwell never asked. She looked at the audience and walked away. After many smaller parts Miss Ashwell found her opportunity, and realised it, in the revival of "Richard III." at the Lyceum, and her "Prince of Wales" is still remembered even in the annals of Sir Henry Irving's house. "Portia" in Mr. Tree's "Julius Cæsar" was another part which greatly added to her reputation, whilst in "Mrs. Dane's Defence" she at last succeeded in taking the title rôle.

Mr. Charles Warner, who is also playing in "Leah Kleschna," has been a "star" actor for more years than many of the other members of the company can remember. After a long time in the provinces and in London in minor parts, he went to Drury Lane and played Malcolm to Samuel Phelp's "Macbeth," Laertes to his "Hamlet," and Cassio to his "Othello," and subsequently, under Mrs. Bateman's management at Sadler's Wells he impersonated with much success such parts as Othello, Macbeth, Ingomar, William Tell, and Shylock. But to the present generation of playgoers the fame of Warner has been won in such pieces as "The Road to Ruin," and "Our Boys." In the latter piece, which ran for five hundred nights, he was the original Charles Middlewick. His performance as Coupeau in "Drink" has been declared to be one of the finest dramatic efforts ever seen on any stage. Among Mr. Warner's most cherished possessions is a silver loving-cup with this inscription—"To Charles Warner, in memory of Jean Coupeau and Tom Robinson, and how I profited by his humour, his tenderness, his passion, and that great art of keeping the stage alive and the audience, in which he yields to no living actor. This loving-cup is presented by Charles Reade, July, 1879.

"She came, she was seen, she conquered." That was the story of Miss Mabel Green's first appearance in a "speaking part" in "The Little Michus" at Daly's Theatre on Saturday. The girlishness of seventeen, frank, unaffected, candid, is irresistible in real life. On Saturday Mr. George Edwardes proved that it is equally irresistible on the stage. The whole house was delighted with Miss Green. The pit and gallery were in raptures. After the final fall of the curtain the principals came forward in the usual way—Mr. Willie Edouin, Mr. Huntley Wright, Miss Adrienne Augarde, and the rest—and received their meed of applause. But the loudest cheers fell to the pretty *débutante* as she was led forward by Mr. Louis Bradfield. M. Messager, the composer, who had conducted the orchestra, was warmly applauded; Mr. Edwardes bowed to an almost unanimous house, but the gallery still shouted "Green! Green!" Hand in hand Mr. Edwardes led Miss Green and Miss Augarde before the curtain, and then, though it was nearly twelve, the audience shouted on for quite another ten minutes till the trio appeared again. It was the triumph of youth over stage convention, even over art. For although Miss Mabel Green has an admirable voice and an obvious genius for the stage, it was clear enough that she still has a great deal to learn. But she incarnated fresh youthfulness, and her very limitations added to her charm.

Photo, Ellis & Walery.
A CHARMING PORTRAIT of MISS JEAN AYLWIN, now appearing in "The Orchid" at the Gaiety Theatre, London.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier has acquired the English rights in Henri Lavedan's latest play "Le Duse," the striking situations of which piece have greatly moved the Parisians. The duel is the struggle between two brothers—one an ecclesiastic and the other an Agnostic—to obtain ascendancy over a Duchess of attractive personality. Mr. Bourchier intends to transfer the scene to England, and will himself play the chief character, with Miss Violet Vanbrugh as the Duchess. We may expect a very moving, emotional play when the drama is produced.

Playgoers old and young will be delighted to hear that charming Miss Ellaline Terriss, who in private life is Mrs. Seymour Hicks, has returned to the Vaudeville Theatre, where she is now appearing in the "Catch of the Season." Miss Terriss's return has been signalised by the introduction of several new and pretty songs which are bound to "catch on," and which secure her nightly a great ovation. On and off the stage Miss Ellaline Terriss is the ideal unsophisticated English girl. Her professional career—which she began quite unexpectedly at the Haymarket at the age of sixteen—has been an unclouded success. She had been playing in some private theatricals at the house of the late Lady Freake, and at a moment's notice Miss Terriss took up the *rôle* in "Cupid's Messenger" at the Haymarket, which Lady Freake's daughter had been suddenly compelled by illness to abandon. Miss Terriss was born on a sheep-farm in the Falkland Islands, but she was brought to London when she was six months old, and, to London playgoer's delight, she has been with us ever since.

Mr. Walter Passmore, who for many years has been first favourite at the Savoy Theatre, will play a principal part in the Drury Lane pantomime, "Cinderella," next Christmas. I congratulate Mr. Arthur Collins on securing for his next pantomime a comedian of such high merit as Mr. Walter Passmore, and I feel sure that the Savoy comedian will enjoy as much popularity at Drury Lane as in his old quarters. A successor to Dan Leno was much wanted, and Mr. Arthur Collins has hit upon the identical man.

Mr. Huntley Wright, who is as amusing as ever in the new play at Daly's Theatre, has pointed out that nearly all the successful "funny" men in musical comedy—with the exception of Mr. Arthur Roberts—have come out of the sternest school of serious drama. "Teddy" Payne, Walter Passmore, and Willie Edouin have all had long dramatic training. Mr. Huntley Wright says that it is about thirteen years since he first saw that musical comedy would be certain to hit the public taste, but his going into it was a sheer accident. He was playing then in his father's stock company, one of the last of them, and had been doing so for eight years. He thought a musical play would make his father some money, so he wrote him one, "Merry Prince Hal," and played in it for a while; it ran for three years. But his first appearance in London was in heavy melodrama—"Fate and Fortune" at the old Princess's Theatre. Fancy Mr. Wright in melodrama!

The latest capture of the proprietors of the Coliseum is Miss Mabel Love, who has been engaged to sing and dance there twice a day for some time to come. Miss Love made her first appearance, when only twelve years of age, in "Alice in Wonderland" at the Prince of Wales's, and since then her success has been very rapid. Her experience has probably been more varied than that of any other living actress, for she has appeared in pantomime, burlesque, comic opera, grand opera, farcical comedy, drama, and in high comedy, but it is as a dancer that she has, perhaps, secured her greatest success.

Mr. H. B. Irving, in the course of some advice to those who would go on the stage, which he gives in the *Fortnightly Review*, for May, says that the intensely personal, individual character of the actor's work is bound to induce a certain temptation to an exaggerated egotism. "We are all egotists, and it is right that we should be, up to a point. But I would urge the young actor or actress to be always on the watch against developing, especially in success, an extreme egotism which induces a selfishness of outlook, an egregious vanity that in the long run weakens the character, induces disappointment and discontent, and bores to extinction other persons. Disraeli, on one occasion, when asked to speak words of pregnant wisdom to the small child of an admirer, laid his hand on the infant's head, and said, 'My dear child, never ask who cut off the head of King Charles I., or who wrote the "Letters of Junius"; for, if you do, people will regard you as a bore, and that is the worst thing that can befall any man.' I cannot help thinking that had Disraeli encountered some of those actors and actresses whose one absorbing topic is themselves, their careers, their futures, their triumphs, and their grievances, he would have said, 'Do by all means ask who cut off Charles I.'s head, or who wrote the "Letters of Junius"; study the questions exhaustively, and talk about them at every opportunity; anything, any subject, however trite or well worn, would be preferable to the very limited and comparatively uninteresting topic of yourself.'

THE PROMPTER.

Photo, Ellis & Walery.
MISS MABEL GREEN: Mr. George Edwardes' latest discovery.

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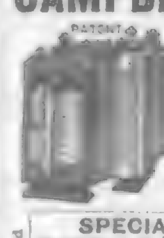

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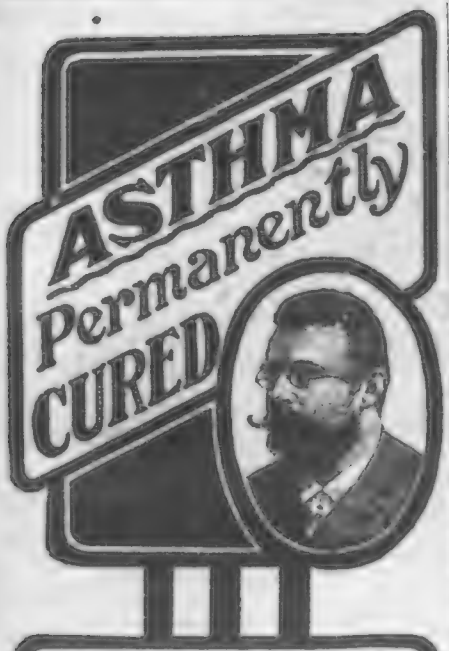

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By WALTER WOOD.

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There is a fracas, started by the foreigner, and Grenville is arrested for assault. A riot is soon in progress and the hordes from London's slums swarm in the streets.

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And they strike. London becomes a great battlefield, and the Bank of England is captured.

THE STRANGE FLOTILLA.

For the Humber and the Thames alone no fewer than a hundred alien pilots were licensed, and the number was proportionate for other ports. A famous and far-seeing admiral had publicly declared that the granting to foreigners of British pilotage certificates was a glaring injustice to British pilots and a source of great national danger to Great Britain in time of war; but his words and warning were unheeded.

Officialism had been approached with facts and deputations, and officialism, mindful of the foreigner, had declined to remedy the evil. The Board of Trade, it was bitterly said, had no sympathy except for the alien.

This unprecedented apathy alone had made possible the calamity which was overtaking London, and was to fall on the entire country like the pall of death. It was to be the nation's awakening.

The plan of war of the Secret Committee of Preparations was carried out in its brutal entirety. It was to be a war to the death, and the spirit in which it was to be waged had been plainly shown by the opening incidents.

It was a war without declaration, but the unfriendly Power was ready with its list of parallels for subsequent discussion, and to offer, if need be, in satisfaction to the world. And it was in keeping with the virulent policy of the foreign mischiefmongers that the examples were to be furnished for the history of Britain. They justified their own performance by quoting precedents from English history.

The method of capture was as simple as it was treacherous. Southampton, as well as Dover, had become important ports of call for Atlantic and Colonial steamers from foreign countries.

The German steamers had brought their competition to our very doors, and were benefiting greatly. We had been the pioneers of the trade routes, had opened them out, had developed them, and now that they were in full working order the foreigner had stepped in and seized every laboriously created advantage. It was as if a man had borne the cost and toil of laying down a cycle track for his own profit and amusement and another man, who had been comfortably and idly watching him, had begun to use it when completed without the formality of asking his leave.

This again was part of the comprehensive and far-reaching system of the Germans to capture British passenger traffic at sea. They were swiftly weaving a net around the British ports in every part of the world, and were as familiar with the harbours and seas as any British masters. They were free to trade without let or hindrance. They took all and gave nothing. In the German islands in the South Sea, for example, the Germans, while enjoying perfect and unrestricted freedom of trade in British spheres of influence, charged prohibitive licence fees to British steamers.

It seemed as if the British Government, the Board of Trade, the railway companies, and the general public conspired to make things easy and prosperous for the foreigner. His steamers were busy plying on the British trade routes, opened out by British energy and money, and often enough by British blood; meanwhile British steamers were laid up, idle and neglected, and British seamen were vainly seeking employment. The ships were rusting and the men were starving.

Southampton itself had long been almost monopolised by the foreigner; Dover was swiftly being captured too.

When the momentous order was despatched from the German capital four mammoth steamers slipped away from Hamburg, the *Deutschland*, the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, the *Kronprinz Wilhelm*, and the *Kaiser Wilhelm II.* They were capable of an average ocean speed of twenty-three knots, or nearly twenty-seven miles an hour, and ranged from the 20,000 tons of the *Kaiser Wilhelm II.* to the 14,000 odd of the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*.

The flotilla of giant steamers steamed out into the North Sea, and having gained the open water went full speed ahead towards Dover, the *Deutschland* leading and the other three following in order of size.

The weather was hazy, but this caused no diminution of speed, nor did it concern, so long as it was only haze, the navigating officers. On the contrary, it was a source of satisfaction to them, inasmuch as it concealed their presence from other vessels.

The majestic line was invisible beyond a limited area. The first ship was hidden from the view of the last; but the first was seen by the second, the second by the third, and the third by the fourth, so that the line kept touch with itself, and steamed ahead like one harmonious whole. It seemed, indeed, as if one gigantic steamer only, and not four, were driving through the dull grey water of the North Sea.

On the high navigating bridge of the *Deutschland* a group of German military officers was in eager consultation. They were men who spoke English perfectly, and knew England thoroughly, both by reason of long and unfettered residence in the country towards which they were now advancing in such sinister fashion.

Maps and charts were spread out before them, and Bradshaw and official railway time-tables were opened and referred to. Every publication relating to every British railway was in their possession, and these foreigners were better able to understand the British railway system than the average British officer who found mental work of any sort a bore and a burden.

"According to the railway company's sailing list our steamer is timed to sail from Dover at three o'clock tomorrow morning," said one of the officers, a colonel. "That is well for our plan. We shall enter the harbour unsuspected, and the *coup* will be gloriously accomplished. Is not that so, captain?" he asked, addressing the officer commanding the vessel, a grim, silent man upon whose soul the gloomy mystery of the sea had settled.

"That is so—unless the weather delays us," he answered. "The plans of the cleverest men that ever lived may be disorganised by North Sea weather."

"The weather must not keep us back," retorted the colonel. "Whatever the cost is we must arrive—and disembark. On that point there must not be misunderstanding."

"It is impossible to fight against the fog," said the captain gravely. "We do not know what dangers may spring out of the gloom ahead."

"We have no concern for the safety of any ships except our own," said the colonel haughtily. "Speed must be maintained. Our orders on the point are absolutely positive."

"I am thinking of our safety," said the captain. "I am not concerned for the welfare of any ships except my own. I cannot accept responsibility for others. Whatever may be in my course I cannot help. I may be sorry, but if some unlucky ship should be ahead, and we should strike her and escape ourselves—well, as for her——" He shrugged his shoulders and turned away.

He looked astern, then seized his glasses from the box in front of him and gazed intently into the mist.

There had been a sudden thickening of the air, and the steamer had driven into one of those dense, far-reaching banks of fog which help to make the North Sea the notorious stretch of ocean for which it bears such ill repute.

"Will you look astern?" he asked, addressing the colonel, and pointing with his glasses.

The officer did as he was desired to do. "I see nothing," he answered, with a puzzled air.

The captain laughed shortly. "Nor do I," he said. "I wish I did. The haze had grown into fog and our consorts are lost sight of. That is what I mean."

"But they are surely following?" said the colonel.

"They are following," answered the captain. "That is certain."

"And are very close," added the colonel, as if the thought gave him comfort.

"I hope not," replied the captain. "The more sea-room we have the better will be our chances of escaping collision. I will signal, although the signal is not in accord with the regulations of the sea in time of peace. It is the first of our Private Emergency Code."

He pulled the thin cord, which communicated with a huge steam syren on the funnel just behind him, and the *Deutschland* gave four angry blasts—in double notes.

The answering blasts were heard, followed by two other pairs.

"We are together—for the present," the captain reported. "Now, sir, I must beg that no one will address a word to me. My sole attention must be for the ship—and my passengers."

He gave a short, strange laugh as he spoke, and emphasised the last word in curious fashion.

For two minutes the great liner steamed solemnly ahead. The dismal hoot of a syren was heard not far away; but there was no reply. It was the syren of a rusty tramp, crossing the North Sea, and the skipper was wondering what the mysterious noises he had heard meant. Even as he wondered a ghostly monster glided through the fog astern of him, at right angles, and quickly disappeared.

"Narrow squeak," he commented. "Why don't the fool blow 'is whistle? These German liners think they're the owners of the seas. There's many a poor smack an' steam trawler, to say nothing of little tramps, like us, been run down by 'em in a fog, an' they've never stopped to see what they've done. Curse 'em! Some day I hope the same thing'll happen to them in mid-Atlantic. I'd like to be by, off Newf'un'land, when two of 'em knock each other on the nose! I wonder what it all means? Queer, I call it."

And queer it was, for, unknown to himself, the tramp skipper had cut through the steaming line, between the last two ships which formed it. He gave a defiant and prolonged bellow on his own steam whistle as he thumped ahead for Antwerp.

The captain of the *Deutschland* heard the warning, now faint and distant, and sighed with relief.

He made his private signal again.

The answering notes were heard; but not so clearly as before. The captain made no comment.

Two minutes passed and the signal was repeated.

Again it was responded to; but the answer was little more than a confused moan in the silence of the sea.

When for the fourth time the syren sounded there was no reply except for the faint echo of the four blasts, nor was there any response to other signals.

"We have become separated," observed the captain calmly. "It is unavoidable. I can do nothing except hold to my course. They will do the same. Their orders are precisely like my own."

"And we shall arrive together?" said the colonel eagerly. "It is imperative that we should."

"I hope so," replied the captain; "but that is what I cannot tell—what no man can tell. It is one of the gambles of the sea. So long as there is water enough to steam in and nothing in our way we can go on; but it is impossible to keep up a speed like this when we are near the coast."

"Desperate work needs desperate men and measures," observed the colonel.

The leviathan steamed on. From every part of her, keen eyes were watching and searching the seas, but the sharpest vision failed to penetrate more than the very limited area of the fog.

From time to time the dismal blasts were sounded, but there was no response, and the captain silently told himself that he was completely separated from his consorts. They might be miles out of their course by this time, or it might even be that they were holding straight on for their destination and that it was his own ship which was deviating.

This, indeed, was the case. By good fortune, and because the alien pilots of the three separated liners were even more thoroughly acquainted with the North Sea and the Straits and Channel than the captain of the *Deutschland* and his officers and pilots, the trio were blundering direct for Dover, while the steamer which should have led them was steaming out of her course. Consequently by the time her consorts were off the coast, and a lift in the fog revealed their position, the *Deutschland* was in the middle of the Straits and the harassed Captain was expecting disaster at every revolution of the screws.

He had repeatedly suggested slowing down, and, indeed, an actual stoppage, for the purpose of locating his position with the lead, but he was no longer entirely his own master. He was a mere military servant, subordinate to the officers who were with him, and when he made his suggestions he was sternly ordered to drive his ship ahead.

"The business in hand," said the Colonel, "does not admit of a moment's delay. Your passengers must be landed in defiance of all obstacles. It is the Imperial command."

And so the *Deutschland* drove blindly on. The night descended and the time came when, if at all, the passengers should have been landed.

"We have missed Dover!" exclaimed the Colonel furiously.

"We are not travelling on railway lines, which will take us to our journey's end even if we cannot see them," answered the Captain boldly. "It is beyond human power to do more than we have done. If the fog would lift we could tell where we are. As it is we can only guess."

He peered into the dangerous darkness, with eyes that were resigned to any fate.

TORPEDOED!

Lieutenant Richard Grenville hurried with all speed from London to Portsmouth to rejoin the ship which was his first command and greatest pride. This was H.M. Destroyer *Kennet*, one of the newest and most powerful torpedo-boat destroyers, a craft which, while inferior in speed to some of her predecessors, was more fitted to keep the seas.

Grenville had had full opportunity of testing her qualities, and his faith in her capabilities was unbounded. His confidence was greatest in her attacking powers. She was no record breaker, but her speed of a round thirty miles an hour, her high forecastle, her wide gun range, her armament of one 12-pounder and five 6-pounder quick-firing guns, and her ability to discharge a torpedo either to port or starboard without turning the ship round, made her a formidable fighting weapon.

Grenville was the lieutenant-commander, and under him was a sub-lieutenant, the engineer, and the gunner, with a crew of seventy, whose personal capabilities were fully known to him. There was not a man of the ship's company who would hesitate at any danger, however great, or shrink from any undertaking, however hopeless and desperate it might seem to be. And the company of the *Kennet* knew their commander as thoroughly as he knew them.

It was with a troubled heart that Grenville stepped aboard. He did not return the smiling greeting of his junior; but instead he made a sign that he wished to go below and talk with him.

The junior wonderingly obeyed, and followed Grenville into his cabin—a cosy, airy room on the starboard side, quite aft.

"Whatever's the matter?" asked the junior. "You look as if you'd done something desperate or seen green monkeys."

"Both," answered Grenville, with a little laugh. "For one thing, I've got married."

"Ah!" murmured the junior. He was a young person of pronounced views, and sternly held that no man who pursued the calling of arms, either on land or sea, should marry until he could finally settle ashore. All the same, he seized Grenville's hand and congratulated him.

"And I've left my wife at the very door of the church, so to speak, just as they do in novels. Only it isn't a church at all. It is a registrar's. There was a parish clerk and a cabman or something as witnesses. Not brilliant, but effective and binding."

"But why——"

"Oh, yes," interrupted Grenville. "You want to know why I'm back so soon? Eh? Because, my son, the

Photo, Campbell Gray.

MISS QUEENIE LEIGHTON AND A SPANISH DANCING GIRL, in "The Cruise of the 'Great Britain,'" at the London Coliseum.

dogs of war, or I should say the fiends of hell, are let loose in England. You haven't heard of it yet, I daresay; but London's burning, just as the old song sings about; and it's burning and being held up generally by a swarm of foreigners! It's a case of the serpent that we've taken in and nursed and housed and fed turning round and biting us; and upon my soul I'm disposed to say it almost serves us jolly well right for being such blind and confiding asses!"

The junior showed the amazement which he felt.

"Then is it going to mean war?" he asked eagerly.

"You've struck the pallid truth first time, my son," said Grenville. "You're going to have the chance you've always wanted—of painting the sea red and getting a bellyful of glory and such honour and promotion as can be spared when the bigwigs have coaled, so to speak, and bagged all the kudos they can carry. I'm back again because I've been ordered to come, and I'm going ashore to see what further things I have to do. Meanwhile look sharp about you and have everything ready for emergencies."

He gave some final orders to his junior, personally made a vigilant inspection of his ship, then stepped ashore and entered the office of the Dockyard Reserve.

When he emerged and returned to his ship there was a harder look on his face and a steadier glint in his eyes. He went below, entered the wardroom, and summoned his fellow officers.

"Now," he said, "we're in for it. I've got written orders to proceed round to Chatham and join the Medway flotilla there. I've been supplied with a chart, and a course has been recommended for me; I've to go full bore during what daylight is left for us, and slack away a bit if I like. But the matter is left mostly in my hands. From what I've seen in town and from what I've just learnt ashore I don't suppose there'll be much chance of slacking."

Grenville paused before he added, "There has been no declaration of war with any nation; but it is known that war is in the air. That brings us to the main point of my orders, which is this—If in my discretion, being absolutely certain, I feel that I am menaced by an enemy, I am to strike! It's a big order—the biggest that ever came my way; but I've always wanted it!"

There was a deep silence, broken only by a long-drawn sigh of subdued excitement from the junior. The gunner and the engineer were just a shade less enthusiastic; but they were older men, and they were married.

"That is all," added Grenville, quietly, and the officers separated and went about their business.

The *Kennet* slipped away from Portsmouth Harbour, past Nelson's *Victory*, Southsea Castle, and into the Channel.

A haze overhung the water, and even from the common there were keen watchers who could not do more than guess at the ghostly form of the grey hull and two funnels of the *Kennet*.

The destroyer went stealthily and steadily along, running risks from which, in ordinary circumstances, Grenville would have shrunk, fearful of the consequences to his reputation; but he had heard things verbally from the captain at the Dockyard Reserve office which made him risk everything on the vigilance of his look-out men and his own nerve and quickness.

He was on the little high bridge, at the elbow of the man at the wheel. Near him was the sub-lieutenant, and by his side also was the gunner. The engineer was below in the engine-room, but occasionally he climbed through a circular hole in the deck and descended another circular orifice to the stoke-hole. There he spoke to the stokers and peeped into the furnaces. He glanced at many gauges, and, seeing that everything was in order, returned to the engine-room and examined every detail of the wondrous compact, complicated machinery which at a given signal could burst almost instantly into the furious energy of nearly eight thousand horse-power.

Already the destroyer was trembling with the two hundred a minute revolutions of her twin screws. But two hundred more were in reserve, and the engineer did not know at what moment the command would come to release the latent energy.

As the *Kennet* bore up Channel the haze thickened into a fog; but the destroyer drove silently ahead, making a speed which was equal to that of many a smart liner, and yet not exerting herself in the least.

In the clammy air, cold despite the season, for the mist at sea is always penetrating, and the vessel was causing a strong wet draught to rush past, Grenville, the sub-lieutenant, and the gunner stood and peered forward and about them. They were in heavy weather dress, and the dampness glistened on their oil clothing.

Grenville's right hand rested on the top of a megaphone, the broad bell-mouth of which was on the deck of the bridge, so that he had the light speaking trumpet ready for instant use.

Suddenly a deep, long roar vibrated in the heavy air, the syren of some big steamer.

All eyes were strained intensely forward towards the spot from which the sound was supposed to come, since it is one of the peculiar perils of the sea that only approximately, in fog, can sound be located.

There was no answering warning from the destroyer. For her own special and urgent reasons silence was necessary. Her commander had no wish whatever that her presence in the Channel should be known to any person who might be able to make improper use of the information. The *Kennet* was now cleared for action, and at an instant's notice her quick-firing guns could be fired and the torpedoes discharged from the two tubes on her deck.

Again the dismal bellow split the air, and simultaneously there loomed out of the mist a huge grey steamer with a red, black-topped funnel.

"What a relief! She's British!" exclaimed Grenville.

"What a queer thing to say!" remarked the sub-lieutenant.

"I say it because of what I know," observed Grenville enigmatically. He raised his megaphone to his mouth.

"*Knaresborough Castle* ahoy!" he hailed. "Where are you for?"

"London to the Cape, by Southampton," answered the captain, who was leaning over the end of the high flying bridge. "I didn't hear your syren," he added pointedly.

"Any news?" demanded Grenville without answering the question. Even by this time the *Kennet* had been turned and was running alongside the liner.

"No! What about?" asked the captain in astonishment.

"Make for Southampton as hard as you can lick. You'll learn fast enough then," answered Grenville. "That's all I can tell you. Seen anything particular on your way out from the Thames?"

"Nearly ran into one of the big German New York mail-boats, the *Deutschland*," answered the captain. "She's due to call at Dover for passengers, and is groping about wanting to know where the harbour is, I expect. She didn't ask any questions, so I didn't go out of my way to tell anything. They never do for me, so I don't love 'em."

Photo, Campbell Gray.

MISS QUEENIE LEIGHTON in her successful scena, "The Cruise of the 'Great Britain,'" at the London Coliseum.

"You'll learn to love 'em less," said Grenville. "Where is she exactly?" He put the question with strange eagerness.

"If you run as you were running now you'll just about hit her on the nose," said the captain, with ill-concealed annoyance. There was a note of haughtiness in the young commander's tones which did not accord well with his sense of the deference due to his own position.

"Go hard for Southampton," said Grenville again, as if issuing an order, and swept round and resumed his course.

"I am quite able to handle my ship without instructions from boys," said the captain as a parting shot; but Grenville was beyond hearing, and would not have replied to the words even if he had caught them.

The *Kennet* held on, and now the engineer was ready with his two hundred extra revolutions, the gunner and his men were at the torpedo tubes and the guns, and Grenville was prepared in case of need to enter the cramped interior of the conning-tower under the bridge.

For a few moments only this stealthy silent advance continued. Then through the driving mist a huge liner loomed. Her build suggested an Atlantic boat, and instantly Grenville knew her to be one of the record-makers of the Western Ocean. Her top-hamper, her four funnels, buff-coloured, her vast array of ventilators, her flotilla of boats—all these were present and marked her as the *Deutschland*.

But Grenville's quick eye noticed one vital thing—her decks were not peopled with passengers; they were crowded, when he first saw her, with uniformed men—men in khaki dress and slouch hats who looked as if they might be British soldiers.

He knew them to be German troops, and his heart gave a great bound at the thought. And in addition to these troops he saw that the liner had been fitted with her guns, and bristled at every vital point with quick-firing weapons.

"By Heaven!" he cried. "It's a German transport disguised as a liner! What does it mean?" He had expected much in the way of a surprise; but he had not been prepared for this.

He took the wheel himself, telegraphed to the engine-room, and ran alongside, the *Kennet* springing out of the fog with a leap.

His megaphone was raised to his lips, and he was framing a question, when he saw savage flashes of fire and the water around him was pitted with small shot and shell.

But before he could be made a target he was lost in the fog again.

"That's act of war enough for me!" he said grimly.

Then he ran his craft about, full speed ahead, swooping for the port side of the transport whose vast bulk he clearly saw, while his own small grey craft remained almost invisible.

From the starboard side of the leviathan quick-firing guns rained missiles, and there came the voices of officers encouraging and directing the men who were working the guns. Simultaneously there was a wild fire of rifles, and an angry rattle of bullets on the side and deck and upper works of the destroyer.

Still her company remained unhurt. Her two torpedo-tubes were loaded, and lying in the tanks below were the other two 18-inch torpedoes which completed this section of her armament—£2,000 locked up in four missiles, carried in a £70,000 vessel, with a company of seventy officers and men; and opposed to her was a noble steamer which, as she stood, was worth a million pounds sterling—and on her decks, within her colossal hull, were 5,000 men.

"She is riddled and sunk," said a naval officer on board the *Deutschland*.

"There is no sign of her," answered a friend to whom he spoke.

For a moment the firing ceased; then as the report went round that the destroyer was no more, a long mad cheer rose on the clammy air—a cheer that came from five thousand throats.

Before the cheer had died away there was a roar of terror, rising after the deeper roar of an explosion under the very hull of the leviathan.

The *Kennet* had swooped down, discharged a torpedo, and had swept back into the clammy gloom again before her presence had been even so much as guessed.

Grenville turned his craft swiftly about, and when the starboard guns of the *Deutschland* did open fire he was lying safely under her huge counter.

With unflinching resolution he discharged another torpedo, and the dull steel body of the fish-like weapon flashed for a moment as it dropped into the sea, drove up to the hull, exploded, and made another vast rent in the thin frame of the liner.

Shattered aft and amidships the *Deutschland* foundered almost instantly—and the seas closed over what had been a floating palace and had become a barracks.

Of her regiments of soldiers only a few of those who were on the decks and free to swim were left afloat. Some of these, stunned, were picked up by the *Kennet*, but for the most part the invaders sank beneath the smooth-rolling waters of the Channel.

It was the first great grim and awful tragedy of the war, the opening act of that mighty Navy of which Captain Roon had spoken prophetically to Captain Mahler.

And the blow had been struck by a junior officer who had not shrunk from responsibility, who had seen his opportunity—and taken it. He had risked everything—his ship, his life, his people, and his reputation—on the hazard of a daring stroke; but the blow had been successful, and at the very opening of the game he had helped to cripple the move against his country.

"You have come to see England," said Grenville to one of the prisoners. "Very well, you shall see part of it, at any rate, if only the white cliffs there. And you are likely to be safer than if you'd got as far as London!"

"And may I ask where you intend to take us?" asked a man politely. He was dripping and bedraggled, but Grenville recognised him as an officer.

"There is no reason why I should take you into my confidence," he replied "but I shall put you ashore at Dover."

The officer laughed. It was the colonel who had been saved from the wreck. "Dover!" he said. "Ah! Perhaps you will find some of our friends there."

"If so," answered Grenville, "I have no doubt they will get the reception they deserve. Now, sir, you will go below, with such friends as you choose from the prisoners. The others will go forward."

(To be continued.)

Photo, Campbell Gray.

A Charming Scene from Miss Madge Lessing's song-scena, "Rosa Anna," at the Coliseum, London.

DON'T LOOK OLD.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]

P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

Mint.

Make new beds and plantations for lifting by pulling up the young shoots and dibbling them in in rows 12in. apart and 6in. from plant to plant. There is no plant grown for market that is more abused than this, and yet if it is done properly it usually pays for cultivation. Those who are conversant with our markets know what a miserable job some growers make of mint culture. Either the plants are propagated from root cuttings in the houses or old stuff is used over and over again, and so bad results follow. It is better to throw away brown old stock and plant a good breadth each season as above advised. Always leave a few poles unlifted in the autumn for this work of new bed making. Those who will try the method will always abide by it, we are sure. Beware of planting rusted stock.

The Small Farm.

An inquiry from a distant corner of Devonshire as to the best and most ready means of stocking a twenty-acre farm which was about to be tenanted by my correspondent led me to look through my small library to find a book likely to be of use to the inquirer. Stephens's "Book of the Farm" is a standard work, and a good one. Other books have also been published with the same idea, but to my mind none "fill the bill"—as regards the small holder—so well as Professor Long's "The Small Farm and its Management," issued by Smith, Elder, and Co. some four years ago. The whole story of the farm is given from the beginning—the value of manures and feeding stuffs, animals and their returns, the profitable production of poultry and eggs, forage and root crops, and fruit

DEVON HEIFER.

farming on a small scale being among the most interesting chapters. On all the subjects mentioned Professor Long is an authority, and as my correspondent asks particularly as to the advisability of rearing young Devon cattle I append an extract on the subject taken from the very interesting book: The process of fattening calves is laborious, and demands much attention and time, while the young animal must be sold when it is ripe, whether the market price is high or low. To rear every calf to adult age would diminish the milk available for sale, however valuable it might be; while the owner would have to be prepared to feed three lots of young stock—his calves, his yearlings, and his two-year-olds—in addition to his cows. The two latter lots would require grazing land, separate buildings for shelter and food, litter in winter, and daily attention throughout the year.

Manuring Hill Pastures.

The experiments that have been carried out in Scotland and Wales in the use of artificial fertilisers for the improvement of hill land have borne good fruits, in so far as the production of definite results is concerned. The particulars of an investigation in the application of basic slag on a hill farm, at an elevation of over 500ft., in Dumfriesshire, suggest that even mountain land may be very substantially improved, both in the quantity and quality of its herbage, by the means of basic slag. Dressings of 6cwt., 10cwt., and 15cwt. per acre respectively were applied in February, 1901, and the effects, as indicated by representative turfs exhibited at a meeting at Berwick-on-Tweed, are very striking. The improvement caused by the 6cwt. dressing is considerable, while the 10cwt. was still more effectual, and the 15cwt. dressing proportionately efficacious, the clovers resulting from the heaviest application being much more plentiful than those produced by either of the other two. It seems, however, that in all three instances the money was found to have been profitably invested. No doubt the manuring of hill land requires to be carried out with great discrimination and strict moderation, and there are boundless possibilities in the way of improving its productiveness and healthy condition in this direction.

Food For Dairy Cows.

With the object of testing the relative merits of several articles, an experiment has been carried out during the past winter, in Dumbartonshire, under the auspices of the West of Scotland Agricultural College, and the results have just been made known. Although various points were included in the scope of the inquiry, the chief question had reference to the discovery of a profitable substitute for bean meal and oats, and it may be said at once that the efforts were successful—that is, as far as this experiment is an indication. It is remarked that no fault whatever is found with bean meal as a food for dairy cows, but as it is usually rather high in price in dairying districts, where it is extensively in demand, the desirability of being able to diminish the dependence upon it naturally suggests itself, and hence the experiment under notice. The material compared with bean meal in this inquiry was gluten feed, which, it would be well to note, is quite a different article from gluten meal. Both are derived from maize, but gluten meal is a very rich and heavy material, suited only for use in limited quantities of about 3lb. to 4lb. per head per day, whereas gluten feed is a lighter material, and consists of a mixture of the hull, gluten layer, and germ of the Indian corn, which are thrown aside in the manufacture of starch and glucose; and gluten meal on the other hand, consists of the layer only. In the experiment three different concentrated rations were utilised, namely (1) gluten feed, (2) a mixture of bean meal and crushed oats, and (3) a mixture of decorticated cotton cake and maize meal, all three rations being supplementary to bran, turnips, hay, and straw. It is observed that the average percentage of fat in the milk was in no case high, 3·5 per cent. being the best average, while on several occasions during the first stage of the trial less than 3 per cent. was recorded; but as the Ayrshire was the breed used in the experiment, a very high butter fat ratio was probably not to be expected.

Judging the results on a financial basis, the cows fed on gluten feed took the first place, those fed on cotton cake and maize being second, with the group receiving the favourite bean meal and crushed oats third. In addition, the animals fed on gluten feed alone made an increase in live weight, the bean and oat group having lost slightly in weight, though less than those receiving cotton cake and maize. Although beaten in a pecuniary sense, bean meal and oats excelled in producing the finest sample of butter, gluten feed being second in this respect. Judging of the results as a whole, therefore, it would appear that gluten feed may be advantageously substituted for the popular bean meal and crushed oats, particularly when these are fairly high in price; but, as already indicated, it is important to differentiate between gluten feed and gluten meal.

Water Glass and Egg Preservation.

To preserve eggs in water glass proceed as follows: Boil a quantity of water, then let it stand in the air until it is quite cool again. Into ten measures of this water pour one measure of water glass, and stir them well together. If convenient, keep this as a reserve supply to be used as required. Let the preserving vessel be of earthenware, and place it in a cool position—a cellar for preference. Pour into it as much mixed water glass as will keep the eggs well covered as they are stored. Collect eggs twice a day at least, so as to keep them quite fresh, and put them when cool and clean into the bath at once. If a quantity of eggs is being preserved, as one vessel becomes full have another ready. If the eggs will not sink in the mixture add a little more boiled water, as it is evidence that the mixture is too strong. Eggs so managed will turn out months after as fresh and milky, when lightly boiled, as the day they were put in—better and fresher than eggs usually so called, but which have been generally lying in the store-basket days, merging into weeks, before being used or sold as fresh.

Lime: Its Use and Abuse.

We are continually advising the scientific application of lime to the soil, says the *Market Gardener*. The following are some of the advantages obtainable through its use:—

1. It will neutralise salts of copper and iron in the soil.
2. It improves greatly the dense clay soils by causing the particles to granulate and so let in the oxygen of the atmosphere, warming the soil by its influence, and enabling the nitrifying bacteria to do their work.
3. It neutralises organic acids, takes up nitric acid, and provides calcium, so good to plant life.
4. It acts upon decaying vegetation and other forms of humus in the soil, setting free ammonia, nitric acid, and carbon dioxide, sweetening and purifying over-manured sour soils by its alkaline action.
5. It acts upon clay, setting free potash, and generally helping Nature in her work.
6. Applied in large quantities to land in a free state (not as carbonate) it frees the manures contained therein, causing larger crops to be obtained.

If manure is given to replace that which is thus removed, all is well; but if the grower does not replace this loss then he is a thief, and the old saying will come true that "Lime enriches the father but impoverishes the son." The son will not make the land pay until he puts into the land that which his father has stolen therefrom. Let lime be your good servant, not your master; and then all will be well with the land and yourself.

Fish Manure.

Fish guano is justly considered a valuable manure, and is much esteemed for market produce, hops, and in some districts for potatoes. Good qualities should be guaranteed to contain 9 to 10 per cent. of ammonia with 13 to 16 per cent. phosphate, and to be free from oil, as oil retards the decomposition of the material, thus decreasing its fertilising value. In consequence of the large demand, both for export and the home market, fish guano is scarce, and prices have an upward movement. The price of best quality is from £5 10s. to £6 per ton, cash, in London. Lower qualities with 6 to 7 per cent. ammonia are also offered, but the best is probably the cheapest. Fish guano contains no potash, and the phosphates in it are slowly available, so that it is a good plan to mix it with superphosphate and kainit in proportion of two parts fish guano to one part of superphosphate and one part of kainit, which will give a fertiliser with, say, 5 per cent. ammonia; 13 per cent. phosphates, about half soluble; 3 per cent. potash; costing about £5 per ton in bags. It should be applied early and worked into the soil. It could not be recommended for cereals, being a slowly-acting manure, but should do well for hops, potatoes, and market produce.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALIEN.—All foreigners while residing in Great Britain owe allegiance to the King during the time they live in his dominions.

B. G. F.—You will find that second-hand books sell for very little as a rule unless they have a special value from their rarity or artistic binding or illustrations. We can send you the addresses of several book experts and valuers if you wish us to do so.

M. G. A. (Brixton).—The saying is Lord Byron's, and the exact words are as follows: "The difference between a religious and an irreligious man is that the one sacrifices the present to the future, and the other the future to the present."

RATEPAYER.—The Secretary of State for War receives a salary of £5,000 per annum, and the Commander-in-Chief receives a similar amount yearly. The salary of the Lord Chancellor is £10,000 a year, and that of the Lord Chief Justice £8,000.

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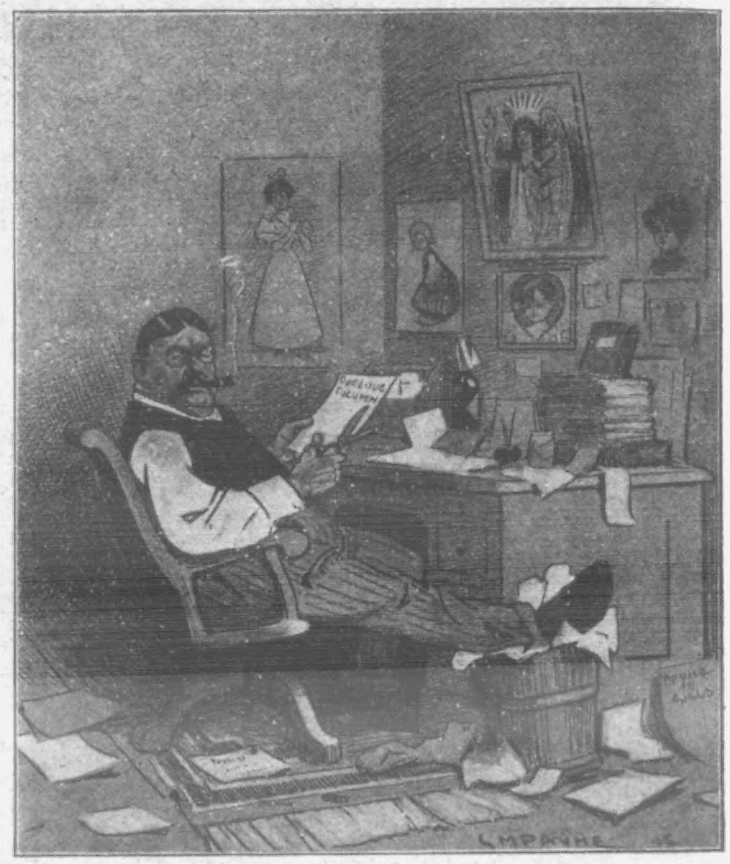

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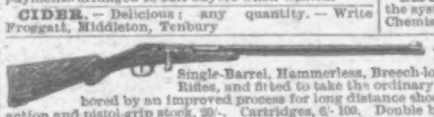

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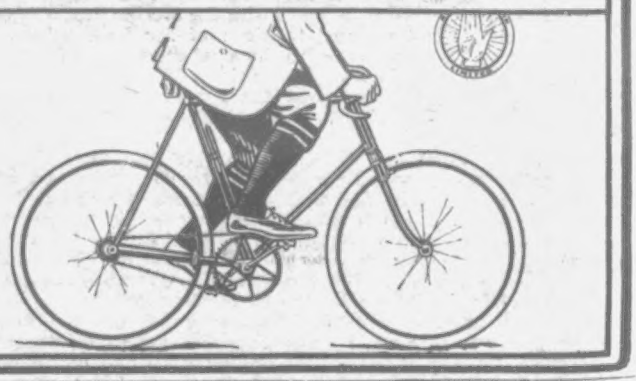

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